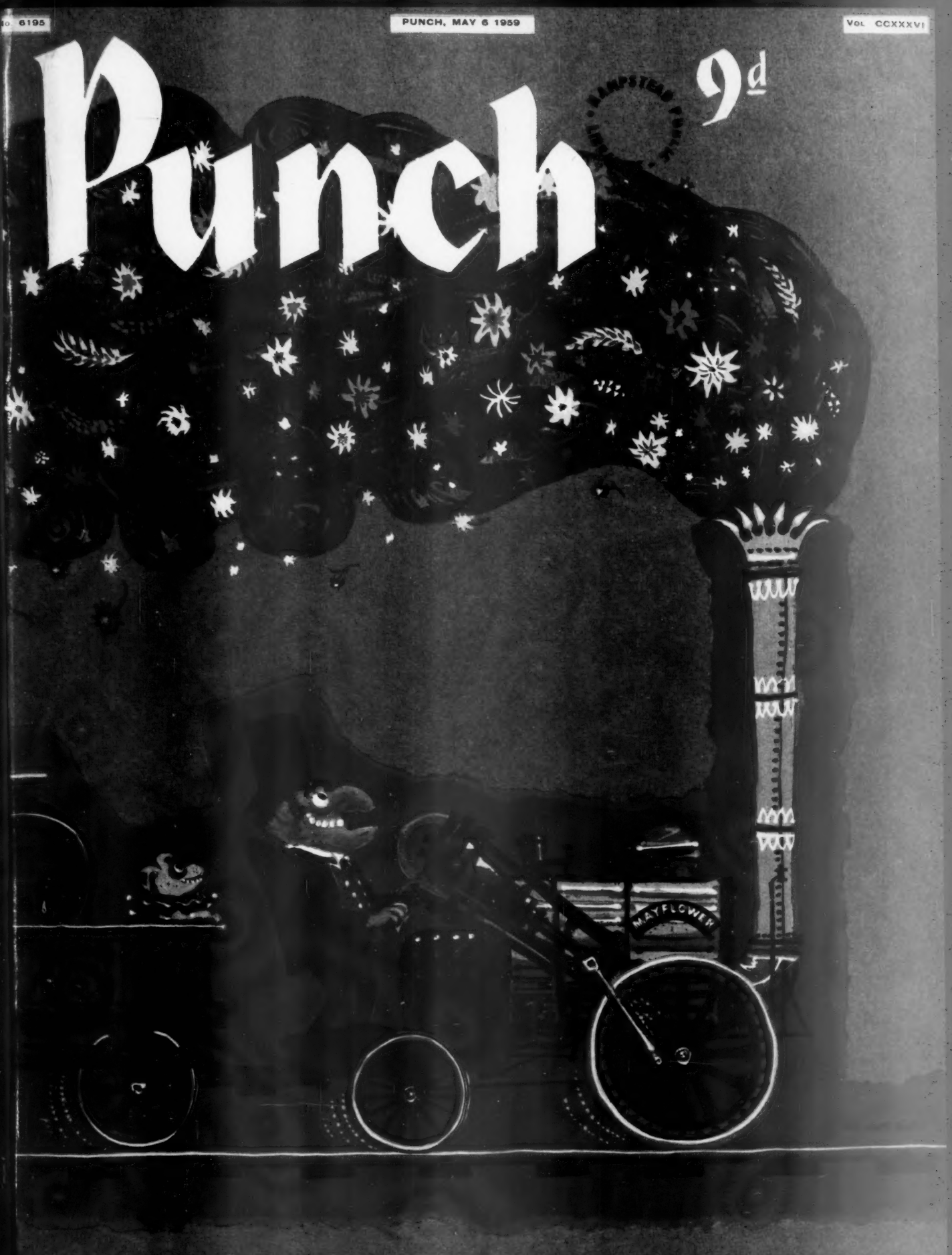


Punch

9^d



life's simple pleasures

Describe yourself as an ornithologist and you will be heard with respectful attention. Call yourself a bird-watcher, however, and things take a different turn: your announcement will meet with mild derision and your activities become the subject of slightly scandalous misinterpretation. We have never quite understood this. Almost all of us take some pleasure in watching what one school of writers used to call 'our feathered friends'; and although we may not know with certainty the name of any of the birds on the lawn, we go on scattering our crumbs. Other wild creatures exercise a similar effect. A glimpse of a sinuous shape moving swiftly through the undergrowth is enough to elevate an ordinary country walk into something of an event, though we could not say afterwards whether it was a stoat or a weasel that we had seen. Our amateur enthusiasm for wild life would, in fact, seem to be a national characteristic, like a taste for marmalade . . . or banking with the Midland.





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Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

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The London Charivari

EVEN in Ceylon and Bolivia, the only countries in which they have any real political influence, it must be difficult to take the Trotskyists seriously. Their name is against them, with its comic-anarchist associations. So it ought to have been easy for the Labour Party to wash them out of our minds by treating them as figures of fun, instead of which Mr. Morgan Phillips, at any rate, seems to be intent only on getting his party into the act. Writing last week to a boy who had been accused of setting up a "Trotskyist cell" at school (now *there's* organization for you) Mr. Phillips said "I know how you feel . . . I think I ought to tell you about Gwyneth, my daughter. She was a rebel too . . . I only discovered that my house was a rebel headquarters when I could not find a chair to sit on . . ." The accent is that of the misunderstood father of traditional English farce, probably played by Robertson Hare. We may yet live to see Mr. Phillips dashing frantically across a party platform without his trousers.

Just Their Fun

I MUST say, Sir David Eccles climbed down handsomely over having told the Germans to take no notice of what they



read in the English papers. He seems just the man to mop up the Montgomery mess by going to tell the U.S.A. to take no notice of what they see on their television screens.

Right Dress

I AM tremendously in favour of the suggestion that nylon fur should be used for the bearskins of the Guards; in fact I think the idea should be pursued a bit further. Any guardsman would be grateful for trousers made of one of those materials that never need pressing and hold a knife-edge crease even when soaking wet, or for buttons with some new finish full of silicones which would stay brighter than bright without the use of brush and button-stick. Come to that, since we are dealing with a turnout designed purely for display purposes, why not a light plastic rifle to make arms-drill a bit easier?

Lifelong Ambition

I EXPECT a lot of people wept a sentimental tear over the story of a Leicester stage-door keeper whose new job is with



a demolition firm tearing down the theatre he kept the stage door of. Realists, on the other hand, remembering how often they've felt like tearing down their place of work, feel that this man is on to a good thing; and he's actually being paid for it.

Grilling for Shadows

THE report of the Committee that has been deferentially devising improvements in House of Commons



"It's a white feather, that's what it is!"

procedure has suggested to me that the time has come for more formal recognition of the modern up-grading of the Opposition Front Bench. Now that the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition is paid and appoints a Shadow Cabinet the Opposition ought to have its own little Question Time. Mr. Wilson might have to stonewall for years about not anticipating his Budget, Mr. Bevan would be able to plead ignorance of facts known only to the Government, Mr. Callaghan would certainly dismiss questions about what a future Labour Government would do in Central Africa as hypothetical. None the less the House would enjoy pressing for explanations of policy statements and watching Shadow Ministers trying to wriggle out of questions about what they would do in the Conservative Government's place. It would also be very, very good for the Shadow Cabinet.

Bank Robbery?

SCENE, Fleet Street. Time, 10.30 Wednesday morning last. Doors of National Provincial Bank swing wildly and a man described as "flustered, furtive, desperate" by a colleague leaps down the steps clutching a half-open black bag, stuffing notes into it. At least two public-spirited citizens regard the man's behaviour as suspicious and move to intervene. "Go to hell," the man says, as he dives into the driving seat of his Consul, "I've been warned by that — on the corner he'll nab me if I'm not away in two

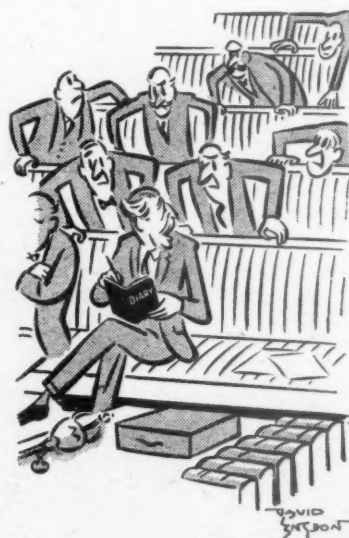
minutes." Being motorists themselves the public-spirited citizens accept the rebuke. But they have been studying the papers anxiously ever since.

From Mars to the Muses

I LIKE the suggestion that Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall, the only existing remains of Whitehall Palace, should be taken away from the United Services Museum and once more used for masques and the like. You do not need a Rubens ceiling over a collection of guns and equipment which would be more appropriately housed with the Imperial War Museum at Lambeth, in the premises vacated by Bedlam. It is true that since They hoofed the London Museum out of Lancaster House They have been able to use that for soirées; but it cannot compare with the Banqueting Hall as a setting. Let foreign visitors be invited to hear Mozart by the light of candles where once the Stuarts patronized the Arts. And must it be only foreign visitors? Why should not Government hospitality be enjoyed by some of those who pay for it?—allotting tickets would be something for Ernie to do in his weeks off.

Culture Hovering

THIS week a new service of helicopter flights (twenty minutes over London) is launched from the new station at Battersea. This service will



"Can't I make a note of my wife's birthday?"

link up with the "Whirly Birds" from London Airport and it should soon be possible for our American friends to take in—in one beautiful aerial arc—all the glories of London Airport, Stratford-on-Avon, the Tower, Epsom Racecourse and Westminster Abbey. And the trip should take no longer—well, not much—than the ordinary bus ride between the airport and a London hotel. The Travel Association ought to be on to this pretty quickly. "See Olde England in style, comfort and speed. No waiting."

Forward the Light Brigade

TO jockeys, gaolbreakers and, I suppose, ballet dancers may now be added American airmen in the category of men who must keep slim to live. Overweights in the U.S.A.F. serving in Britain have been given fourteen weeks to reduce if they want to re-enlist; it may mean dropping eight pounds a month. Frederick the Great's much-vaunted Guards had to achieve extra height to qualify, which must have been harder, for no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature. Women, who can be herded by fashion priestesses' mumbo-jumbo into giving away pounds of flesh as though settling debts with Shylock, might be able to advise the bomber boys how to thrive on steamed fish and grapefruit, ready for the Lakenheath weight watching parades. At these, knowing the serviceman's capacity for a fiddle, I foresee a few attempts to rig the scales, for the children of men, as the Psalmist pointed out, are deceitful upon the weights. — MR. PUNCH

STARTING ON MAY 20

"Once Again Assembled Here"

A series of articles in which notable schools in fiction are revisited and reconsidered. The establishments under review are those appearing in *Jane Eyre*, *Stalky & Co.*, the *Greyfriars* stories, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Eric*, or *Little by Little*, *Young Woodley*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and contributors to the series will be:

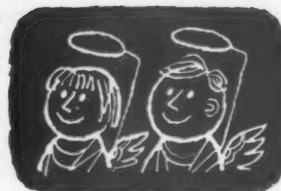
Evoc
Richard Findlater
Stella Gibbons
Christopher Hollis
Arthur Marshall
John Raymond
Gwyn Thomas



"... His feet upon the verge of Non Existence ..."

William Blake

CRADLE TO UNIVERSITY



11 Learning About Religion

By The REVEREND SIMON PHIPPS

"IT'S perfectly simple, darling," a friend of mine's mother used to say. "God is Three and God is One, and if you can't understand it, you won't get your chocolate." This spirited effort is characteristic of much religious education of the Do-It-Yourself variety, which is where religious education inevitably seems to begin.

The statement is no more confusing and no less orthodox than much of the Athanasian Creed, and does at least suggest the possibility of chocolates, which the latter does not. Bewildered parents feel that "the stuff" must be taught, and of course they are right. But their method of education may not be. The problem is, how does one do it?

It's a problem that will not wait. Parental panic rises in proportion with the infant's I.Q., as theological teasers that would have tied up the Early Fathers, let alone the fathers of to-day, cast increasing confusion over bedtime or Sunday morning. "Oh! . . . Well, then, who made God?"

What is one to do? Buy *Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible*? Write to the god-parents? (What, Charles and Alice and Patsy? Help with *religion*? My dear!) Or does one just say "Don't ask silly questions, darling," and hope for the best?

The trouble is one doesn't know one's stuff. So Do-it-Yourself becomes Have-it-done-for-you, and Sunday School takes over.

Many Sunday Schools are extremely good. All over Britain thousands of devoted and intelligent people sacrifice their Sunday afternoons and their evenings preparing lessons and visiting homes. Some teachers have a genius for

communicating a sense of reality. How real the story must have been made by the teacher, for whom a child drew a picture of the Flight into Egypt in which the Holy Family were followed by a small black dot, "because it said 'Take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.'"

In some schools, however, the tots enter a sort of Noddy-in-Holy-Land world. "Now, we'll all pretend we're fishing by the Sea of Galilee, shall we? That's right. No, Marilyn, make room for Linda, there's a good girl. Otherwise she won't be able to catch any fish, will she? Now then, Bobby, sit still . . . Bobby . . . will you *stop* that. Peter, don't *encourage* him. No, he *hasn't* caught a kipper."

Later on, through the endless Sundays after Trinity, the kiddies join an endless procession of Christian heroines and heroes. It must be daunting for them to feel how sadly different they seem to be from "the young William Wilberforce" or "little Elizabeth Fry," quite apart from any hope of ever being like the finished article with which the lesson ends.

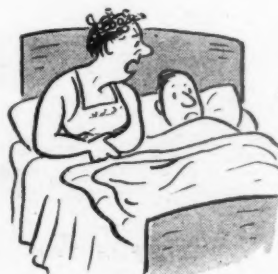
Weekdays, too, have their possibilities both for good and for ill. Sensible Christian teachers can communicate

much of the sense of Christian truth and Christian worship. Yet irremediable harm may equally be done by the daily assembly which begins "Right! Eyes closed—hands in front of the body . . ." and then it's anyone's guess as to whether it's going to be "Our Father . . ." or "Knees bend."

But whatever happens in schools, on Sunday or in the week, the sad fact remains that the majority of children come to see it all as "kid's stuff," and to leave "religion" when they leave school.

Perhaps one of the main troubles is that religious education is confused with religious instruction. There is of course a vital place for both. But it is not just instructing children in "the stuff." It is first a matter of enabling them to experience something of the reality that lies behind "the stuff." That process is religious education.

Teaching "the stuff" of religious knowledge, the Bible stories, the outcomes of prayer, the habit of worship, does not necessarily lead to belief, to an encounter with reality, and this is what religious education is for. To think of the things we teach as "religion" is altogether superficial. When a controversy arose at Cambridge in the



1830s on the question of compulsory chapel attendance a Fellow declared "The alternative was between compulsory religion or no religion at all." But his opponent replied "The difference is too subtle for my grasp." Happily the latter became a bishop. His insight was keen.

Religion is something far deeper than our religious activities or our religious ideas. It is in the realm of experience, from which action and thought proceed. Its foundations can be laid most deeply at home, however clueless parents may be about "the answers." For the foundation of religious experience is to experience love. Bringing up children in this experience is the first step in religious education. At a level far deeper than that reached by instruction a child here meets reality—something real, permanent, to be trusted. Mother is here. She's always here. Even if she goes away she'll always be back in a minute. In the first eighteen months of its life a child can find and enter into faith and hope and love. If he does not find and learn them at the breast he may learn about them for years without making them his own. Some psychologists say that by the time he is three years old the parents have done all they will ever be able to do about this vital step.

In those years the first awareness of reality grows up. If the reality one has become related to is love, well; if it is fear, ill. For if God is reality then inevitably He must be like whatever we have found reality to be, no matter what we may be told. All the talk in the world about the love of God will not lead to belief in such a God if, as far as we know in our deepest awareness, the ultimate reality is not love but fear. Religious instruction will never ring the bell if there is in a child or an adult no bell marked "love" to be rung.



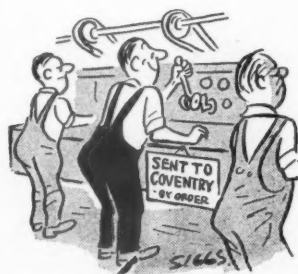
But if there is experience of love then religious instruction makes sense. The Bible stories of God's love seem "true," because love has been experienced. At the same time they point to a greater love and show the infinite range of what has just begun. Something within us asks for more.

Just to confuse things, there are of course many cases where, far from being the source of all good, the love of Mummy is the root of all evil. Without knowing it mummy is saying "Don't you dare escape from my love." The child doesn't try, but is always seeking to do what he knows Mummy will like. His life never becomes his own. Later on he realizes this and resents it. In his heart of hearts he hates Mummy. This in itself is hateful and leads to self-hate and guilt. Where there is guilt there is no trust, except in a God who can be trusted to punish and so make the guilty feel better. A tragically distorted view of God grows up. A false and terrible religion of fear ousts the religion of faith and love.

One of Ruth Draper's characters speaks on the telephone to her son's headmistress. "It's about my Billy . . . we must give up mathematics . . . well, he isn't getting anywhere, and what is the point of going on, if one isn't getting anywhere . . . Yes, but I think I know what's best for my boy, and we'll give up mathematics until I think he's strong enough to go on."

Poor Billy! What chance would he ever have to learn about the glorious liberty of the children of God if his mother never took the risk of setting him free? How hard it seems for mothers and kindred authoritarians to take the grand risk which God takes with us all.

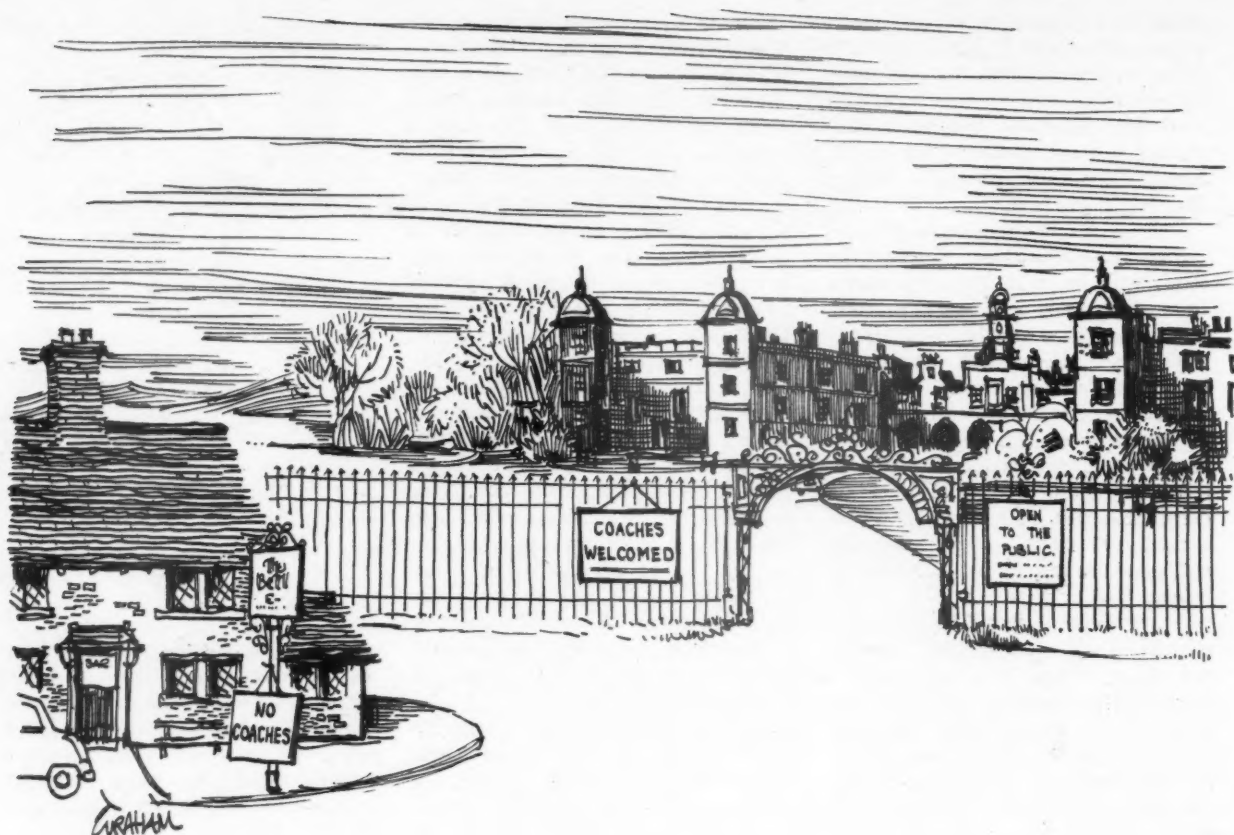
School, of course, gives us a chance. We begin to experience the problems and possibilities of being on our own,



and then of moving from ourselves towards other people. We learn liberty and love. We learn to give ourselves freely away—to give ourselves to homework, or the other ten in an eleven, or to a production of *Macbeth*, or to carpentry. It is an infinitely more vital piece of religious education to learn to give oneself away than to learn the dates of Darius or the context of "he wallowed foaming." For we are learning to make the response of love, which is the way to God. "All I know," wrote D. H. Lawrence, "is that I love, and am loved, and that is eternal."

Punch readers may say "This is more serious stuff than I'm used to." Well, the humorous view is certainly part of the picture. To stand outside oneself and see oneself as one is, and think the sight not frightening but funny, is a sign of true religion. It implies a deep understanding of the truth about things—that they are not as they might be, but that this is not in the end cause for fear or despair, since it has all been taken in hand. Mr. Punch would make a good father. There would always be an element of humour about his dealings with naughty children, for he would know their doings were not the end of the world, and from his attitude they'd come to discover it too. And they'd be right, for after all the end of the world is not in our hands but God's.

Next week: Sir John Wolfenden



Miss Jacqueline, Stakhanov and Steel

BY BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

NOW that Mr. Gaitskell has condemned the practice of sending nonconformist workers to Coventry I feel free to let my tongue wag. And to hell with shop steward "Curly" Campbell!

In my thirty-one years with the Snacker and Diplocket Small Things Co. (1928) Ltd. I was sent to Coventry three times, and for "offences" so slight that looking back I suspect the union of using me as a guinea-pig. The techniques of industrial ostracism were rudimentary in the extreme during my early days, and I can only suppose that a man of my known and respected equanimity was considered the ideal vehicle for a dummy run.

There had been a lock-out, I remember, a period of some months when we all existed (those of us, that is, without

equity interests to dispose of) on public assistance soup and whatever we could get on our bonus editions of the collected works of Dickens. One day I chanced to read in the *Clarion*, at the public reading-room, that Miss Snacker, Mr. Philip's youngest daughter, had taken a tumble at a local point-to-point and broken a leg, and this news filled me with grief. I looked about me at my own children, playing happily though hungrily on the cobbles by the communal wash-house, and I counted my blessings. Not a broken leg among them. My heart went out to the Snackers in their great sorrow and—let me confess it!—more than a single tear settled the dust on my furrowed cheeks.

I knew what to do. In the parlour of our poor back-to-back dwelling we boasted an empty, Dickens-less book

case, a home-made rug, a Jacobean gate-leg table, three ladder-back chairs and two mantelpiece ornaments of rampant horses under glass. Without consulting my dear wife I hauled the gate-leg to Mority's emporium and flogged it for eight-and-sixpence. Then I bought a beautiful posy from the chain florist's in the High Street and sent it with a card to Miss Jacqueline Snacker. The card read:

With deepest possible sympathy from a well-wisher in Department K (assembly). Snacker and Diplocket is a great firm, none better.

My little gift soon became public knowledge in Scowle and naturally enough it was resented and misinterpreted. Brick-ends were thrown through the grease-paper squares that

passed for window-panes in our rough kitchen, and I was refused admission to the town billiards saloon (now the Palais de Danse).

When work was resumed after arbitration I quickly sensed a difference in the attitude of my colleagues in Department K. But the dreaded word "Coventry" occurred to me only when I found my bike completely isolated in the cycle-shed and my work-bench decorated with jam-jars full of dandelions.

I tackled Hesketh Pearce, a hub-cap fettler.

"What's up, Hes?" I asked. "Am I in Coventry or what?"

Hesketh looked right through me, curled his lip and turned away. I put two and two together.

"How long for, then?" I said, and he made a derisive gesture with his fingers.

Being in Coventry is not without certain advantages. For six weeks I paid no union dues, no death club subscriptions and no tea money. At the canteen I was served promptly—the queue melting away at my approach—and ate in peace with adequate elbow-room. I was spared the dirty jokes, joined in no raffles or sweeps, and was left to work at my own pace. The only communication I had with my fellows was through the printed symbol, on scraps of waste, on tools, walls and machines. On one occasion a red-hot billet was being craned through the shop and because I was hard at work I did not see it. Nobody had the guts to tell me to duck and three times the billet had to be returned to the furnace for re-heating. Finally the foreman broke down, chalked a warning on a lump of anthracite and lobbed it on to my bench. But the delay cost the shop about £28 15s. all told in overtime.

What I should have done during these anxious weeks without the support of my wife I do not know. Great pressure was put upon her by the union to maintain the wall of silence, but to her credit she refused to collaborate. "I'm none sending thee to no Coventry," she said. "Ah've got relations an' friends there an' they'd niver forgive me."

Neither Miss Jacqueline ("Jacky," she was to me in private) nor Mr. Philip tried apparently to discover the identity of the anonymous well-wisher in Department K, though Mr. P. did

thank me a year or so later at the works outing, when *en passant* I happened to mention the flowers and the broken leg. I told him how grateful to him I was for his thanks.

My second spell in Coventry came after a Stakhanovite spell of feverish activity. I had been reading about the Russian hero and was much impressed by his selfless zeal. Accordingly I began to step up my output, using pep-pills and so on to maintain my metabolic rate. Within a week I was getting through more than my quota in only two hours a day, and had ample time left to clean Mr. Diplock's car and whitewash the directors' lavatories. What riled the men in my shop was the cutting of piece rates by forty per cent, though it seemed obvious to me that the move was sound and by and large in the best interests of everyone concerned. After all a firm *has* to be competitive these days.

I was sent to Coventry on this occasion for three months and dropped from the snooker team. Curious side-lights on industrial relations were the facts that after a week or two Mr. Diplock started coming to work by bus, leaving his car at home, and the directors' lavatories were declared out of bounds to works personnel.

A few weeks ago I was in trouble

again. Believing as I do in private enterprise and being vastly impressed by a series of notices appearing in the Press on the subject of steel nationalization, I began to drop broad hints to my colleagues about the dangers of reverting to public ownership. I told them that steel is basic, a key product and a cornerstone of our system of democratic determinism, that to toss steel back into the melting-pot would jeopardize all our post-war gains and undermine the stability of the Western alliance.

I think I was convincing. At first the men seemed to listen, but later as I stepped up the propaganda they feigned boredom and at times became openly hostile. The men at Snacker's are not really interested in politics—only in football, women and the telly. Anyway my posters were torn down, my slogans rubbed out and my membership of the glee club suspended.

"Mr. Snacker himself ordered it," the Welfare Officer told me when I asked who had been responsible for banishing me to Coventry. "You see," he said, "the men's health was beginning to suffer, and when they all demanded to be put on nights Mr. Snacker had to do *something*. It's for your own good really."

What, I wonder, will Mr. Gaitskell have to say to that?

Man in Apron

by *LARRY*



Jerome K. Jerome

By H. F. ELLIS

TO re-read *Three Men in a Boat* on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jerome Klapka Jerome is an obvious act of piety. Whether it is slopping over into sentimentality to read *Three Men on the Bummel* for the first time on the same occasion is a matter of opinion. I am only prepared to say that the second experience was, for me, more enjoyable than the first.

The difficulty with *Three Men in a*

Boat is that it is now a kind of museum of the clichés of humour. Mothers-in-law and strong cheese, sea-sickness, the beds that Queen Elizabeth I slept in, early morning bathes and the hitting of thumbs with hammers—all are here. So are the exaggerations of fishermen, men stranded on punt poles, forgotten tinopeners, and housemaid's knee. It may be that these were not clichés when Jerome put them in his book. The criticism may well be as foolish as that

of the old lady who objected to *Hamlet* because it was so full of quotations. But the difficulty remains. Even if Jerome was, so to speak, the father of mothers-in-law and strong cheese, these subjects have been so thoroughly worked over in the seventy years since his most famous book was published that, even in his hands, they lack freshness.

What, though, of the great scenes, the "set passages" that one remembers from boyhood: Harris in the maze, the erection of the canopy over the boat, the packing episode on the night before the expedition started? Surely Time's eroding hand (as Jerome might have written in his "bosom of the Night" mood) has been laid with merciful gentleness upon them?

Well, yes and no. A second difficulty about Jerome (which has nothing to do with Time) is that in all his funniest writing one hears an echo of the voice of Mark Twain. There seems to me no note, no method of humour, in either of the *Three Men* books that had not already been struck, or practised, with greater skill and effect in *A Tramp Abroad*. When Mark Twain exaggerates he makes a job of it. Jerome conveys, quite pleasantly, the inefficiency of the London and South Western Railway by describing how one official after another at Waterloo couldn't say for certain which was the eleven-five for Kingston. The engine-driver himself said that if he wasn't the eleven-five for Kingston he was pretty confident he was the nine-thirty-two for Virginia Water or the 10 a.m. express for the Isle of Wight. In the end he agreed, for half a crown, to go to Kingston. Mark Twain, desiring to indicate what is meant by "slow freight" in Germany, says "The hair on my trunk was soft and thick and useful when I got it ready for shipment in Hamburg; it was bald-headed when it reached Heidelberg." Or you could compare if you liked (rather unfairly) the procession of the *Three Men* and their groceries down the High Street in Marlow with the cavalcade that left Zermatt for the ascent of the Riffelberg. There is no point in multiplying instances. Anybody who agrees with me will know what I mean. The rest have not read *A Tramp Abroad*.

Had Jerome himself read it? I am prepared to believe that he had not. If he had he would surely not have



"Pity you didn't go through with yer unarmed combat, lad!"

chosen the same name Harris for his chief stooge.

There is plenty of amusing, much more mature, writing in *Three Men on the Bummel*, a blessed absence of purple passages, and some fascinating comments on Germany at the turn of the century. "The Germans are a good people. On the whole, the best people perhaps in the world; an amiable, unselfish, kindly people. I am positive that the vast majority of them go to heaven." But Jerome is under no illusions about their passion for being ordered about, what he calls their "blind obedience to everything in buttons." Though he thinks that most of them go to heaven, he is unable to understand how they get there. "That the soul of any individual German has sufficient initiative to fly up by itself and knock at St. Peter's door, I cannot believe. My own opinion is that they are taken there in small companies and passed in under the charge of a dead policeman."

If I have been less than fair to the humour of *Three Men in a Boat*, Jerome has only himself to blame. He should have serialized it in *Punch* instead of throwing it away on *Home Chimes*. Or was Burnand, in his sluggish later period, stupid enough to turn it down? In any case, Jerome's shade will be unperturbed, where it rests among all those Germans. The book is criticism-proof. It has sold over a million and a half copies in its English editions, excluding an estimated million pirated in the U.S.A. It has been translated into every European language, and some Asian. It has been made into a successful film. It was re-issued in Everyman's Library (with *Three Men on the Bummel*) in 1957. *A Tramp Abroad* seems to have been, for many years, out of print.

☆

"CENTENARIAN'S POSY"

At Chipping Norton, the Queen met a centenarian, Mrs. Emily Margetts, who presented a posy of flowers to the Queen and said, 'Thank you for your telegram, fish.'

The Queen smiled and replied, 'Yes, your birthday was on New Year's Day, wasn't it.'

Northampton Chronicle and Echo

Now read on.



"Sorry, kid, you just don't have the killer instinct."

A Short Guide to Politics

3. The Liberals

By ALEX ATKINSON

THE Liberal Party, which believes in liberty, is the party of the future. It has been the party of the future for quite some time now. Before that it was for many years the party of the past, and very little was heard about it: it seemed to have vanished after the Great War, leaving only a faint smell of Free Trade behind it. It now appears, however, that ever since that time mysterious underground forces have been ceaselessly toiling to restore it to its former power and glory, so that at any moment we are likely to be faced with a triumphant resurgence, in which soberly clad crowds will fill the streets, marching steadily on the capital with banners, being courteous to the mounted police and bravely chanting "Peace, retrenchment and reform!" Secret printing presses have been humming day and night, turning out pamphlets, policy statements, battle plans and photographs of Lady Violet Bonham Carter, all equally mysterious.

Quietly spoken men in pubs (specially chosen for the job) have spread a strange, intangible political doctrine, pouring subtle scorn alike on Socialist and Tory. Never put into humdrum words, but conveyed rather by meaning nods and winks, a loftily confident sip at a medium sherry, or the use of beguiling slabs of mumbo-jumbo such as "abrogation of speculative foundations and reliance on social utility," the doctrine has delicately settled over the whole population like a vast, tenuous but inescapable cobweb. Labour and Conservative alike, men in marginal constituencies lie awake at night trying to fathom what it might be, and whence it might come, and whether it might save them and their helpless, trusting families from the harsh, bleak anxieties of living. "Is this," they ask themselves, sitting up in bed and switching on the light, like primitive man aroused in his cave by the first stirrings of social conscience, or the dread snakes, or a

nagging urge to construct a round flat stone thing with a hole in the centre to take an axle—"is this the Answer I have sought in vain so long? And will it work? And what the devil is it?"

What it is is Liberalism, and what that is, even in a world where everyone from Khrushchev to Salazar boldly claims to have a liberal outlook, is anybody's guess. Toryism and Socialism are relatively simple: the one means succour and protection for the down-trodden shareholders quietly starving in their four-door family saloons, hardly knowing where the next expense-account is coming from; the other means control by the humble striker of the means of production, distribution and exchange, not to mention the abolition of all private property except the humble strikers'. These are obviously both fine, deserving causes, and no Englishman worth his salt could refrain from throwing his hat in the air and cheering for one or the other of them—or even both, if he wanted to be on the safe side. But with Liberalism we seem to enter the realms of fantasy, a place where Englishmen have always felt uncomfortable and suspicious. Ask the man in the street to march to the House of Commons shouting "Down with flipping landlords!" or "Hands off the Steel Industry if you don't mind!" or any similarly clear-cut clarion call, and he will be with you like a shot, with a flask of tea in his haversack and a plastic mac in case it rains. Suggest, on the other hand, that he should carry a banner

bearing the demand *Such Government By The People As Will Maintain Individual Liberty To The Maximum Extent Compatible With Social Order*, and he will shuffle away nervously blushing. "I—er—have to go and watch Fulham with the brother-in-law," he will say, and that's the last you'll see or hear of him. And there, if anywhere, lies the reason for all those forfeited deposits.

In order to see the beginnings of Liberalism it is necessary to take a quick look back into history; and even that won't help in the least. Up to the time of Gladstone (a Liberal), for as long as anyone could remember there had been people called Whigs. Little is known of them either, but to hear him on the subject one would think they had been got together for the express purpose of annoying Dr. Johnson (a Tory). It was Johnson's opinion that the first Whig was the Devil, but this has never been satisfactorily proved. To complicate the issue further Labouchère (a journalist, and a Liberal to boot) said he didn't object to Gladstone's always having the ace of trumps up his sleeve, but only to his pretence that God had put it there. Actually the Whigs began as a kind of secret society in the time of Charles II (an Independent), and eventually emerged as a party opposed to the power of the monarch and in favour of rule by Parliament and the people. It turned out that what they meant by the people was the upper classes, and this presumably was the

origin of the battle-cry of the Liberals: "Democratic reform and liberty!" But after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 the Whigs turned into Liberals and proceeded to madden the Tories by insisting that all kinds of extraordinary people should have the right to vote in elections, such as grown men and women. This threw everything into confusion. English history became a battle between Gladstone and Disraeli (a Tory), and it would take a brave man to say who won. There now follow some notable dates:—

- 1886 Liberal Unionists, opposing Gladstone's Home Rule policy, joined the Tories.
- 1894 Lord Rosebery's horse (a Liberal) won the Derby.
- 1895. Same again.
- 1896 Lloyd George (a Liberal) suspended from Lord Salisbury's government for obstruction.
- 1901 Lloyd George disguised as a policeman in Birmingham.
- 1905 Lord Rosebery's horse won the Derby.

After the Great War it was generally assumed that quite enough had been done for liberty for the time being, and the Liberals withdrew from the arena, evidently deciding to bide their time until the invention of television. Now, at last, they are on the march again, and among those notabilities who have not yet been signed up to act as Liberal rallying-points are Richard Dimbleby, the man who does the weather report (the one with the glasses), Billy Cotton, Spike Milligan (an anarchist), Wolf Mankowitz, Marghanita Laski, Henry Hall, the Duke of Bedford, Sooty, Lew and Leslie Grade, Nancy Spain, Pat Smythe, Dr. Bronowski, Judy Grinham, and even (at the time of going to press) Danny Blanchflower. When these magnetic personalities have finally been gathered in (it can only be a matter of time) the party will have an irresistible appeal. It will be swept to power by an overwhelming landslide and then, from some deep, close-guarded vault, Mr. Robin Day will personally unearth the Policy, have it translated from what Lord Rosebery called the fly-blown phylacteries of the Liberal Party, and read it aloud at a vast party conference on the sands at Ilfracombe (refreshments extra). There will then be a short silence.

I notice that I have not myself been invited to play any prominent part in the current resuscitation of Liberalism. If I *am* asked, however, I shall have my answer ready. "In view," I shall say, "of the fact that those horses of Lord Rosebery's kept on winning the Derby, it strikes me as little short of odd that there should be no racing page in the *Manchester Guardian*. How can I be expected," I shall ask, "to strike a blow for liberty, which your Mr. Asquith defined as 'the right, so long as a man did not become a danger or a nuisance to the community, to use as he thought best the faculties of his nature, or his brains, and the opportunities of his





life,' if I am to be deprived of the probable runners and riders at Bogside, Chepstow, Newmarket or Sandown Park?" They will thereupon remind me, in those calm, unruffled Liberal tones, of Professor Hobhouse's observation to the effect that the Liberal movement has often sought to dispense with general principles, which explains its frequent inconsistencies. "Besides which," they will say, "there is always the *News Chronicle*."

Finally, my investigations lead me to the intriguing conclusion that as things stand at present ninety per cent of Englishmen are Liberals at heart. "Mind you," they will say, having been forced into an untenable position in defence of either Toryism or Socialism, "I suppose I'm really a Liberal, if the truth were known." This is due partly to the English love of compromise (for there is a widely held theory that Liberalism is a kind of genial cross between Socialism and Conservatism), and partly to the fascination of the unknown. At all events, Liberalism certainly seems due for another run, and I hope I may still be alive when the great day comes. Otherwise I don't see how I'm ever going to discover what it's all about.

Sightscreen on Cricket

I. Distant Prospects

By IAN PEEBLES

WHEN I was very young I was bidden, during a Test Match at Manchester, to dine with the Jam Sahib of Nawanganar. The host, as you may remember, when himself young had achieved a certain measure of fame and success as K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

The only other member of the side or of my generation present was his nephew Duleep, and we were somewhat overawed by the august body of England captains and illustrious names which assembled around us. All, especially the host, were extremely kind and the dinner was the best that Manchester's foremost hotel could provide, so that the evening was a great success and, to us youngsters, an event. But the conversation, which I clearly remember, inclined to one main theme. It was that cricket was a great game, how well it used to be played and what a pity it was that it was now dying as nobody could play it any more.

There was an ironical sequel the following day when someone produced an ancient yellow newspaper cutting which recorded an interview with Prince Ranjitsinhji, just after his brilliant first appearance for England in 1896. He was reported as saying that he hoped that, when the years had carried him past playing days and into retirement, he would be a more lenient critic of the succeeding generation than his elders were of his.

It is a memory I always try to recall before making any criticism of modern players, for one's recollections of one's own times are inclined to become ivy-clad. Every sport measurable in absolute terms has improved with the passage of time and it is probable that games, to which no yardstick is applicable, have also developed. It is, however, possible that, for various reasons, the development may take a wrong turn and many people, including myself,



believe that this has occurred in English cricket and that the game has lost much of its attraction and, outside its home grounds, its efficiency.

To judge from the general attitude encountered on returning from Australia, English cricket has not received such an unexpected rebuff as the recent 4-0 defeat since Armstrong rolled massively over the inflated reputation of Douglas's 1920/21 side. In almost every detail the circumstances are very different, but there is a great similarity between the incredulity of the twelve-year-old Scots supporter that cricketers existed who could so manhandle his heroes, and the dumb pain of the English enthusiast whose (metaphorical) posterior has hit the earth with such a bump.

The cause of this painful experience is of course the cricketing fool's paradise in which we have lived for some time now. It has its roots in the past. In the 'thirties pitches in England achieved what, from their creators' point of view, was a state of perfection. On the other hand the bowler shorn of all aid could hardly be expected to share in the general satisfaction. But there was some entertainment to the spectators in the spectacle of Bradman, Hutton or McCabe thrashing the naked trundler with whips and scorpions, for though it contained something of the cruelty and inevitability of a bullfight it also had its beautiful moments. However, when the novelty of records had worn off, this extreme, like most others, grew tedious and piteous cries were raised on behalf of the bowler. Just as a start he was

given a rather more helpful L.B.W. rule, but this was very slight assistance and availed him but little, as scores still mounted until England topped nine hundred in 1938.

In the early post-war years people were so grateful to see cricket again that it was a little time before the faults of inflated scores again became apparent. At this point a ministering angel rushed to the aid of the bowler. Rather a surprising one; for it was his old persecutor, the groundsman, who, having put by his pail of dope and locked up his heavy roller, now provided some nice loose, abrasive surfaces, presumably by the judicious use of his spiked tail and cloven hooves.

What with the added help of a succession of wet summers the ball was soon turning merrily on the first day and the batsman reduced to a nervous prodger or a reckless swinger. It was very gratifying to see strong sides from overseas roundly defeated as their wickets fell like ninepins, but the actual play soon became as tedious as the inflated scores of the 'thirties. And the trend in this case was much more harmful for it is a thoroughly bad training ground for batsman and bowler.

Batsmen from overseas, accustomed to their own very different pitches, took all this very ill indeed and were inclined to hint that it was a very "happy accident" that we had produced these pitches when we had the finest spinning combination (on faulty surfaces) in the world. To these thinly veiled accusations—and some weren't veiled at all—I was wont to reply that these were typical English pitches of the era, and even if they were not wholly accidental they were an honest, but misguided, attempt to hold the balance between bat and ball, and not a ruthless conspiracy to entrap the trusting guest.

This I believe to be true, but the sad thing is that any thinking person has always known that this is the last way to enliven the game. The effects are as might be expected. The science of batting is handicapped by uncertainty and stroke play consequently stultified. The greatest virtue that a bowler can have is economy, so that nothing is given away before the inevitable departure of the struggling batsman. Close fielding may be sharpened to the point of brilliance, but otherwise one is reminded of Alec Bedser's *mot* that the

English fielders don't throw so well because nobody at present hits the ball far enough to give them any practice!

The effects of these conditions were plain to see when our team was confronted with the fast, true Australian wickets. Only three batsmen ever looked like Test Match players. The fast bowlers bowled very well, and in passing one should say a word about their place in recent English cricket history. Very good they are, but in only one major series have they been decisive—under Hutton's captaincy in 1954/5. On very lively and occasionally unruly Australian wickets the glorious accident of Tyson tipped an otherwise balanced scale. I say accident because his selection was acknowledged to be a calculated risk, and his immense development due to a great change in technique well on in the tour. It must be borne in mind that while Statham and Tyson performed magnificently and without interruption, Australia seldom had Miller and Lindwall in action together, and that Lindwall was past his best. On the next fast wicket provided for an England v. Australia match at Lords in 1956, Miller was the decisive fast bowler. It may be safely said that England's spinners, not the fast bowlers, put their side in its dominant position which it has occupied in this country during the past five years.

In Australia when the fast bowlers had done there was no suitable spin bowling to take over, for Laker's success was due to his superb craftsmanship, learnt on good wickets; but his type of bowling would have met with scant success in lesser hands. Our fielding once again lagged far behind the tremendous standard set by the Aussies and this, with the other shortcomings I have described, was a nasty shock to those accustomed to our string of victories on home pitches.

Watching our struggles one day at Adelaide Len Hutton remarked to me that we should be prepared for trouble with our cricket on tour overseas for some years to come, a view with which I entirely agree, and now is the time to start putting our minds to our problems. Here then is a brief outline of our troubles as I see them, and next week I hope to offer a few suggestions, culled from my own observations and discussions with players, as to what should be done to rectify them.

Pillory

A.P.H. ventilates readers' grievances

"CUP CHEWING"

Mr. L. S. Harris, of Hoverton St. John, Norfolk, was just too late. We did not see the Cup Final this year, and he may be out of date as well. But he wrote:

"When the Cup Final Football teams at Wembley come up to be presented to the Queen (or to whoever is the guest of honour) I wonder if it could be tactfully arranged that they are not chewing gum.

"In the old days hardly anyone could see the champing jaws, but now the close-up on the television screen brings the distressing sight to millions."

We agree. But one moment—how is this to be arranged? If the ruminants discard their guilty burden on the pitch TV may still catch them—and the Anti-Litter League will be after them. The manager, we think, had better be waiting with a suitable receptacle in "the tunnel" as they come off the ground.

By the way, do all footballers chew? We didn't know. And, if so, why? Has the gum some medical property? A doctor told us the other day that by the use of drugs he could cause a well-trained crew to row the Boat Race course in 15 minutes dead. Could he make a centre-forward score goals?

May we add a slight request of our own? The players are naturally pleased when one of their teams gets, "hits," or "slams" a goal. They are, we suppose, entitled to show some signs of satisfaction though in our tough days we trotted quietly back to our places as if it was a normal thing for our side to score goals. But could those passionate embraces be cut down? We have kicked many a goal in our day, but our captain never kissed us.

THE POOLS—THAT "X"

Mr. Robert C. Bell, of Ambleside, asks a lot of questions about the Pools and their dividends:

"How is it that—while most people put an 'X' on their football coupon indicating that they do *not* wish for publicity—the winners of large dividends, it would seem, do not give such indications?

"Or—do they, and (a) is some pressure brought to bear or (b) does the Telegram and Registered Letter" (stating a claim to a top dividend) "ensure the slight possibility of some leakage?

"Can a Pool Promoter withhold a first dividend simply because the above have not been sent?"

Taking the last question first, the answer is No. It *helps* everybody if the chap who thinks that he has got 24 points in the Treble Chance sends in the requested telegram or registered letter. But the Pools Promoters boast that it is by no means essential: and many simple

folk have won high prizes who did not realize their good fortune and had made no claim.

"Service with a smile." About the other points, we rang up a chap we know in one of the big firms: but he is not in the Dividend Department, and does not pretend to know it all. He said that Mr. Bell is wrong in one particular: not "most" of the clients, but about fifty per cent, put the "no publicity" X on their coupons. Naturally, he said, the promoters are glad if the happy winners make their happiness known to the people, and he would not be surprised if there is some polite persuasion. But by no means all, he said, are in fact persuaded.

Our friend thinks that there is nothing in the "telegram leakage" theory. What does happen, very often, he said, is that a no-publicity X-man is so excited—and, let us face it, proud—that when the thing happens he doesn't care who knows. Or else he unintentionally gives the secret away. He goes to the local, stands drinks all round, and fondly thinks that the news will stop there. But some kind friend, or stranger, rings up the papers.

That, we are sure, is what will happen the day we win £200,000: so we have never bothered to write that "X."

PEACE AND QUIET

"I have had my leg off. I have excellent nurses and a private room with a nice view. It has double doors which cannot be shut quietly. Above the door is a single large pane of glass which transmits faithfully all noise along the wholly tiled corridor. I can hear conversations accurately round two corners. The trollies carrying tins with loose metal covers have wheels that shriek for lack of oil. No block of offices or flats would let one unit with a lift whose gate clanked so hideously. My room is small. Almost everyone entering it crashes the door against the bed's lower corner. Between 7.30 and 12.30 one morning 25 people entered my room—including a plumber and the surgeon. The aluminium covers to the meal plates have all long lost their handles so that the small hands of nurses cannot cope. Our N.H.S. charges me twenty-five guineas a week. I am a doctor."

— A. P. H.

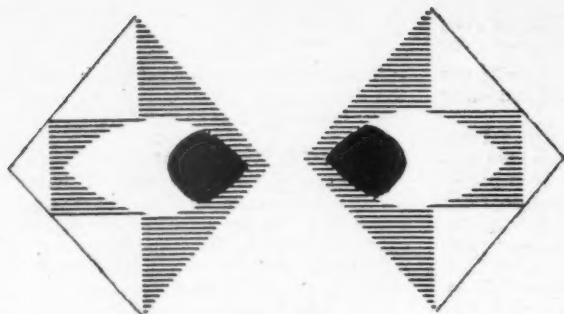
CHESTNUT GROVE

George Belcher drew for Punch from 1906 to 1941



Bus Driver (to proud owner of diminutive car). "MIND 'OW YER GO, GUV'NOR, OR YOU'LL BE POKIN' SOMEBODY'S EYE OUT ONE O' THESE DAYS."

January 21, 1925



Next week, on May 15, the Council of Industrial Design awards will be presented to firms whose products have been chosen as the most outstanding designs to be shown in the Design Centre, Haymarket, in the preceding year.

DESIGN OFF-CENTRE AWARDS 1959



On these pages are the Design Off-Centre awards for 1959. They were selected by the following panel of experts:

Bob Thatchett. Local councillor with thriving grocery business and reputation for influencing planning committees on decisions about new architecture. Deplores the improvement in social standing of the qualified architect, with his tendency "to design anti-socially or in a manner that contravenes the amenities." Leans towards gnomish rather than ergonomic designs.

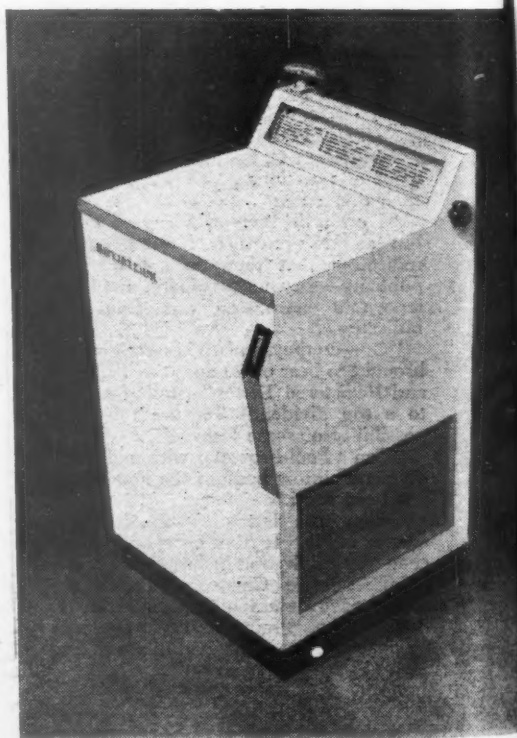
P. Priba. Since retiring from architectural practice thirty years ago has had more time for committee work as adviser on modern design. Occasionally comes out of retirement to hang Egyptian façades on to otherwise undignified buildings for research laboratories, missile constructors or civil servants. Believes that "Arne Nouveau and these other new-fangled chaps we are importing nowadays will never find a place in the architecture room at the Royal Academy."

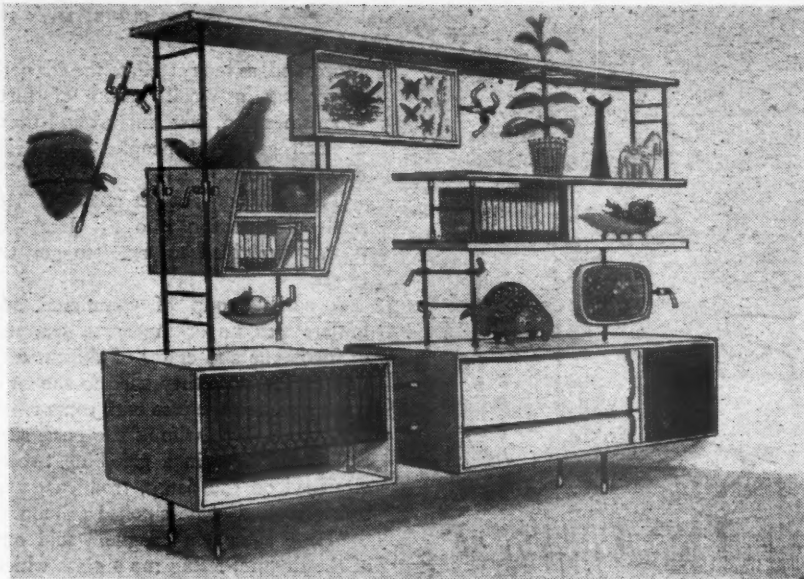
Jock Cribbett. Director of Cribbett and Floggett Ltd., devisers of "Multi-Trend Furniture." Says that lack of design training helps him to give the public what it wants. Is grateful to his father, founder of the firm, for teaching him how to write. Without this advantage he would not to-day be handling a pencil and sketching his autumn collection on the backs of envelopes, giving Jacobean a new twist and brightening up his "New Immediacy" range of "Contemporary" furniture with built-in stop-watches.

A. (Tiny) Coterie. Editor of *Rethink* (subscriptions only). Author of pamphlets, *Why is the Civic Trussed?* and *Don't Knock the Baroque*. Believes that Subtopia, if properly developed, is the only means of combating the influence of New Brutalism. Is looking for the emergence of original sin in industrial design. Often quoted as saying that "modern design has failed to take the worth out of Letchworth." Submitted minority report on awards. "They are," she writes in an open letter to her readers, "the designs one disliked least, not those one liked most."

"Coolpoint" Juke Box. £125 2s. 3d. MAKER *Randy and Junky Ltd.* DESIGNERS *MRA Group, in consultation with YWCA.*

The judges felt this was a straightforward and honest solution to a new and urgent problem. Since Dr. Mark Abrahams told the last Management Conference at Brighton that goods designed for teen-agers were highly-charged emotionally, a group of designers attached to Moral-Rearmament have been working night and day to provide modified designs which would be acceptable to manufacturers and less disturbing to young people. This juke box is their first design to reach the market. Much of its success is due to the co-operation of the Frigid Trades Federation which, stung by Stephen Spender's recent comments on the glacial appearance of refrigerators and the lack of sensuality in modern design, has bought up the firm's stock of existing juke box façades to hot up its members' ice boxes.



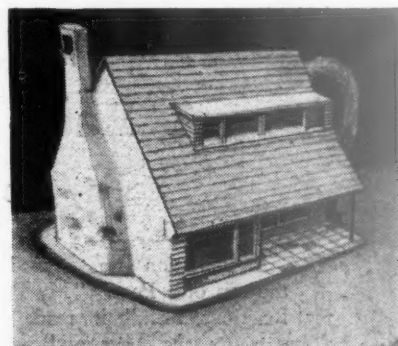


"Con Tempo" Teapot. 17s. 9d.
MAKER *Speckhouse Incorporated.* DESIGNER
Sue Veneerish.

Although tourists should most certainly buy souvenir teapots in the form of thatched cottages, thus reminding themselves of our ancient heritage, it is fitting that modern Britain should also be commemorated on the tea tables of the world. The judges cannot find high enough praise for this excellent souvenir, which is so much more honest as a reminder of Britain to-day than the old-world type of design. They point out that the orientation of the main architectural features makes it a little difficult to estimate the direction of the flow of tea, but this fault is more than outweighed, in their opinion, by the very real advance in general design.

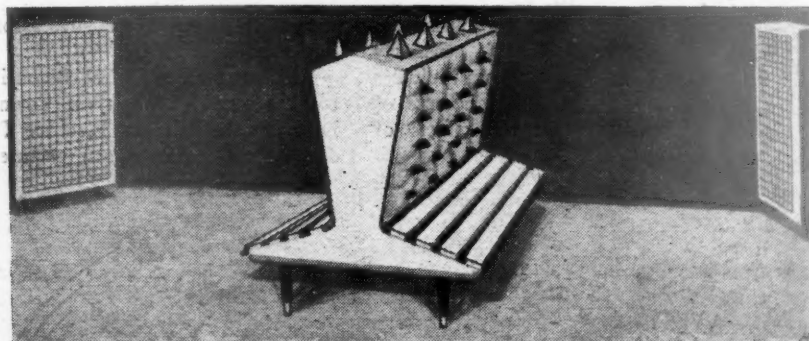
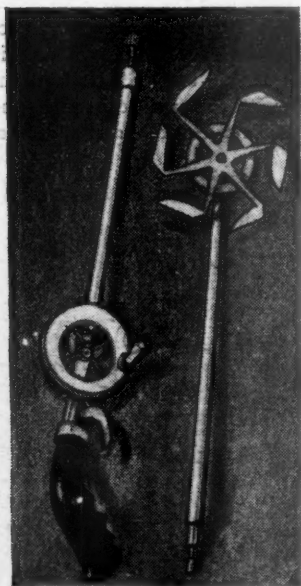
"Dividerette." £41 2s. 7d. MAKER *Booky-Looks Ltd.* DESIGNER *Preissy Jones.*

Most readers of the glossy magazines find themselves, sooner or later, with a room divider. Then come the problems. How many books should be grouped on it? What colour should they be? Ought they to be grouped vertically or horizontally? The "Dividerette" solves all these problems. Once the pivotal wing nuts are undone it is necessary only to place the bottom row of books in the desired position and the remaining decorative features slip into place automatically. The "books" are blocks of plastics and cannot fall open in a tiresome, dust-collecting way. The standard unit includes groupings of Dickens and Scott in imitation morocco bindings. The judges commend the designer for her ingenuity in providing a de luxe unit (for an extra £26 10s.) in which the new technique of serrolating plastics has been used to produce facsimiles of torn, green paper-backs. In this more expensive version the plastics "china" bulls have been exchanged for "wooden" Scandinavian toys.



"Stunt Master." £2 15s. 11d. MAKER *Pollard and Gloat Ltd.* DESIGNER *Terence Godwot.*

This gadget is something the amateur gardener has long hoped for. It will help him to get the amusing hat-rack effect he has admired in the roadside trees treated by employees of local councils. The egg whisk mechanism of the "Stunt Master" is so simple to operate that the judges cannot think why something of this kind has not been devised before. They particularly compliment the designer on the secret formula of the fluid (k2 tog) contained in the built-in syringe. This is guaranteed to keep any tree nearly alive, no matter what shape it is given by the flailing hacker-blades.



Hi-Fi "Audio" Couch. £74. MAKER *Psy-Chi Ltd.* DESIGNERS *John and Sylvia Tweeter.*

The equipment for high fidelity apparatus has improved a lot in the last year or two and it was obvious that someone would soon have to think about special furniture for audio rooms. At first there was a tendency to furnish these rooms with settees that could easily mar any attempts at high fidelity as in Sir Hugh Casson's Hi-Fi room at last year's Ideal Home Exhibition. But the designer of this Off-Centre award winner has realized that really concentrated listening can be achieved only if the listener is compelled to give as fault-free a performance as the equipment he uses. In a cheaper version of this settee the central feature is of broken glass, not spiked ironwork.

KENNETH J. ROBINSON



A Race in the Rain

By LORD KINROSS

THE invitation was signed by the son of a Poet. "My Public Relations firm," it read, "are holding a *fête champêtre* at Sandown Park for the Whitbread Gold Cup. I shall act as host, and am therefore writing to invite you. I must here and now explain that there is no sinister motive in the invitation, although you may indeed recognize that some of the other guests may also be journalists; on the other hand, I can't obviously guarantee to protect you from the wiles of bookmakers, the blandishments of feminine company or the effects of champagne."

The day dawned as though specifically designed for our refreshment. A gentle rain was descending. At midday it was still descending. Throughout the afternoon it continued to descend, but less gently. Nature, always the sports-woman, had issued her customary challenge to the English sporting species. It would rise to the challenge; there would be the weather to joke about, discomfort to relish; the success of the day seemed assured.

Refusing a lift in a hired limousine I took a comfortable train down to Esher, on the Southern Electric. Plodding across sodden green pastures, I

proceeded, as instructed, to the car park. Here was a small group of hired limousines and, hovering around them, a small group of people. The rain descended upon them.

The host had not yet arrived. "He made a diversion into St. James's," it was explained to me, "to get the cigars."

A small group of chauffeurs and butlers was unpacking some hamper of foodstuffs and crates of Whitbread's Ale. At intervals they tried to shelter a space between the cars with some small tarpaulins. The wife of the host, slim and immaculate in a gay blue tweed, crouched on the damp, trodden grass, trying to find some smoked salmon.

"Have some champagne," said one of the drivers, filling me a glass which the rain diluted nicely. I handed another to a lady in a plastic mac.

"Who are all these people?" she asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "Some of them are said to be journalists."

"And some of them Whitbreads?"

"Undoubtedly some of them Whitbreads."

Another hired limousine, followed by an ambulance, appeared in the car park. It contained our host, the son of the Poet, wearing a Guards tie with a blue suit and a red carnation, carrying a box of cigars. He greeted us expansively.

"I feel very nostalgic," he said. "This is the place where I started my war career. Over there in the 'Tote.'"

He shook hands with the ladies in their bright-coloured macs, then shepherded them into the hired limousines. A large dog already occupied the back seat of one of them. Here, as though in purdah, they sat, to be fed through the windows with the smoked salmon, and a mayonnaise of chicken, and a number



of fresh lettuces, distributed, grass-free, from a plastic laundry bag.

"My wife's firm did the catering," the host said. "I hope it's all right."

"The dog wants some chicken," said somebody.

The gentlemen stood chivalrously outside the cars, macless and hatless in tweeds, laughing and enjoying the rain. One of them pawed at the grass. "Fine spring pasture," he commended. "The horses running in the Gold Cup mayn't eat it, of course."

Another, wearing a tie with mugs of beer all over it, said "This is awfully bad luck. I've got Lionel Edwards down to do a picture of the race. He's over eighty, you know. But he says the rain'll improve it. The colours of the jockeys'll stand out all the better."

An old acquaintance greeted me. "Haven't seen you in the club lately," he said.

"No, I don't belong any more."

"Then you haven't seen the new decorations. A bit like a *bordel*." He turned up his coat collar. "I'd ask you over to my car," he said, "but it's full of boxes of antirrhinums which I'm driving from London down to Suffolk."

A lady appeared, with a plastic bag over her head. "It's *too* much," she said. "Half my family have arrived uninvited and swiped all my lunch."

"Have some of our chicken," the host invited affably.

"No thanks. I've had plenty to eat. It's just the principle of the thing I mind."

The loudspeaker instructed: "Please take down your umbrellas. The horses are coming."

The ladies and gentlemen went off to watch the first race. I slipped into a hired limousine. A buxom lady was in it. She had had a late night, she said.

Here were the promised blandishments of feminine company. We sat happily chatting, drinking brandy, listening to a race or two on the loudspeaker.

"They ought to fit these cars with TV sets," she said. "Then it would be like watching it at home."

In between the races rustics prodded at the grass with forks. Two young men in blazers appeared at the window. "Come in," said my companion. "This is Jerry and Tim. Meet Lord Rosebery."

The host returned jovially for more champagne. He had backed a winner on the strength of its jockey's colours, green and yellow. "Heraldically speaking they're mine," he explained. "Or would be if I could afford racehorses."

So the time passed comfortably, until the moment arrived for the big race to be run. "I fancy Mandarin," the lady said. "For old time's sake."

"Shall I put something on it for you?" one of the young men said.

"No thanks. I backed it in London. Still I suppose we ought to get out."

"I suppose so."

We got out. The course was now wholly obscured by rain, which drove across it in drifts. We slushed across to the paddock, where I caught the eye of an Angry Young Horse. It snarled at me. Marking my card with a ball-point pen, which had run dry in the rain, I backed it. The race was run invisibly. Some other horse won it. In the unsaddling enclosure, amid the windblown tulips, the winner appeared, muddy and sweating, with an even muddier jockey on top of it, sweating too. An old gentleman, manipulating a TV camera, requested "Will you look round this way, sir?" The horse looked round. Nobody else paid attention.

The Whitbread Gold Cup, looking handsome, stood on a table between two silver salvers, a policeman on guard behind it. Hats leaking, buttonholes wilting, we watched it expectantly. Ten minutes elapsed. Then the policeman, first removing his gloves, picked it up and made off with it. It was time to plod back to the Southern Electric.

Back home they said "We saw it all on the TV. Very good it was. You look a bit wet."

"Yes. I think I'll have a bath."

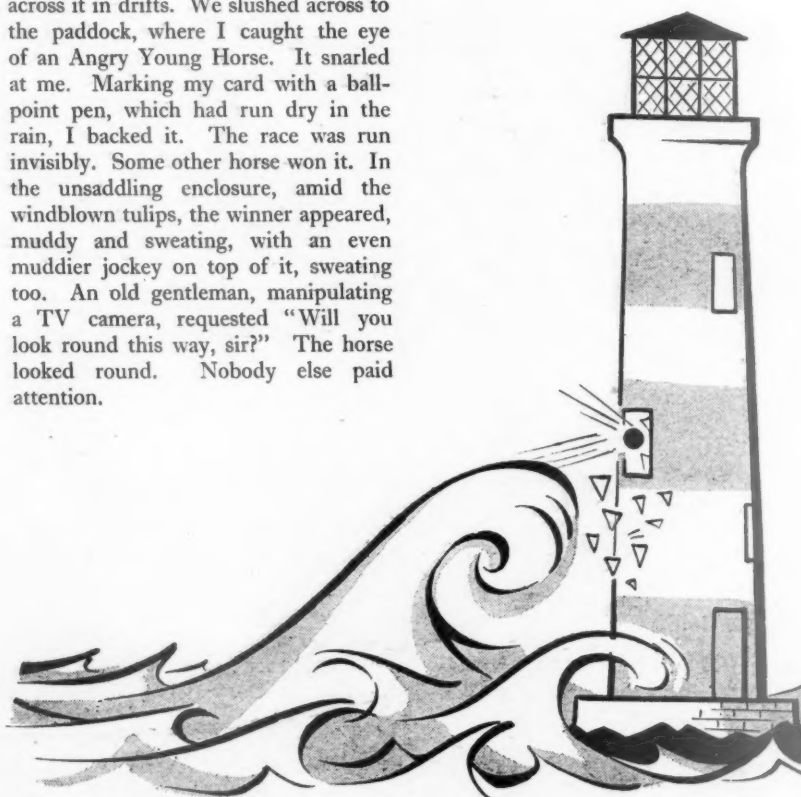
Lying back in it, with a strong whisky-and-water beside me, I rejoiced at the end of a Perfect English Day.

☆

"Michael Xesophonotos, L-driver, of the Legh Arms Hotel, Prestbury, was at Macclesfield to-day fined £5 for driving without car, £4 for driving without supervision and £1 for driving without third-party insurance.

Referring to a mix-up over the insurance, police said he appeared to have been 'a victim of circumstance'."

Not half!



Motivation

BY WILLIAM CARTER

I DID not knock at Mr. Jolliot's door and he looked startled to see me in front of his desk. "Mr. Jolliot," I said, "it seems to me that there are eighteen variables in selling our product. I've been thinking about this, Mr. Jolliot, and it seems to me that if we got hold of these eighteen variables and got them well buttoned up, Mr. Jolliot, we might get the consumer really *integrated* with our product, Mr. Jolliot."

Mr. Jolliot slipped the blotter over his pools coupon and put down his pen. The tip of his nose was white. "Define the difference between motivational

research and fundamental marketing research," he said nastily. "You can't? Then come back and talk to me when you can." I had almost reached the door when he added: "On second thoughts, don't. You might find it in the index. Take a week's pay and your cards instead."

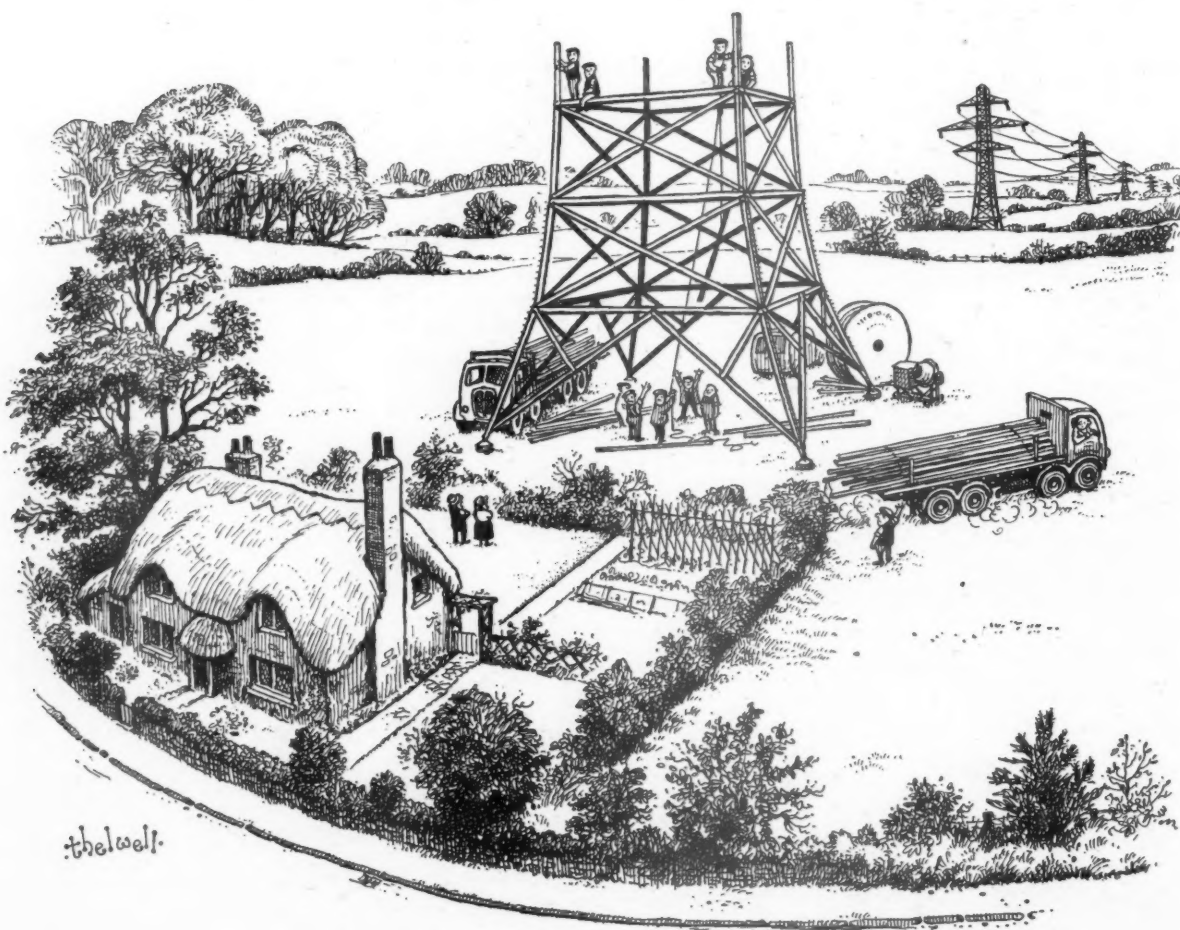
I stood for a moment and smiled tolerantly. "This situation has happened in life before, Mr. Jolliot. It happened to the man who later coined the empathetic line 'I dreamed I was Godiva with a Curlicue Perm.'"

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Mr. Jolliot. "I am attempting to prevent

your becoming such a person. On reconsideration, you can keep your job on entering into an undertaking not to read books on salesmanship or advertising, not to enter my office without knocking, and on the positive side to get your hair cut during dinner hour."

With a grave, non-committal bow I returned to my high seat, not failing to observe as I softly closed Jolliot's door that his hand was straying to the filing drawer of his desk, wherein he kept his bottle and glass. I had shaken Mr. Jolliot.

Sitting there on my stool, I pondered. A gas jet hissed above the desk. On my left was a door marked Counting House; on my right a door marked Sir Jasper Todd. Behind me lay another door, that of Mr. Jolliot, marked as Sales, before me yet another portal on which



"You're wasting your time. We're having no electricity in this house."

the script appeared obversely. Yet I knew what it said. This was the message: "The Patent Mincing Machine Manufacturing Company Limited. Registered Office." One of the famous names in commerce? Yes! One of the landmarks in advertising? Yes! ("Todd mincers do not wash clothes"—see page 45 of *Roget's Motivational Moments*.) Yet here was I, *uncertain* as to my future. Did it lie with this great but in some respects retrograde company, or should I offer my services as a trainee to one of the mammoth combines?

My mind grappled as best it could with the lessons I had learned so well in papers six to twelve of the correspondence course. Fundamentals, I must get down to fundamentals.

The Product. It is a mincing machine, unchanged since the days of Sir Jasper. Crude, yet efficient in a repulsive way. Massive. It sells. Orders come in. Why?

Sales Motivation. There could only be one of two reasons, or the two combined. Sex and/or sadism. Is there sexual symbolism in a mincing machine?

Shooting bits of sodden blotting paper desultorily at Binns, who was trying to concentrate on his Bowling Club accounts, I considered this question. Yes, to those who seek it there is sex in everything. Sadism?—emphatically yes. "The satisfaction to be derived from mincing up one's enemies can only be achieved with a Todd mincer. The more massive mincer." That is the key.

This time I knocked at Mr. Jolliot's door and I noticed when I entered that he had been able to spread a file over the notes he had been writing for the *Hardware Herald and Crockery Gazette*, using as material our travellers' reports. I knew well how his notes would run. "Mr. James Shippam has been appointed central hardware buyer of the Grindley group in place of Mr. Peter Robin, who on his retirement after twenty-seven eventful years is living just outside Coventry. Did I say retirement?—Peter is treasurer of the Darts Club and prospective Liberal candidate for the constituency. Good show, Peter, all the best!" An easy 5s. if ever there was one.

"Mr. Jolliot, it is sex and sadism that sell our products. I propose to write an article for the trade press pointing this out. Or for the Sunday press, showing that every user imagines herself

mincing up her husband."

This time Mr. Jolliot took off his glasses so that he could see me properly. He recoiled slightly. "How much do you get now?" he asked.

"Four ten, Mr. Jolliot," I told him.

"You'll get a basic six, expenses and commission in North-east Scotland," responded Mr. Jolliot as he rang the bell for Binns, who would organize this reorganization of personnel.



David Mevins

Ballade About Money

I OFTEN grumble at the income tax
And moan about the adverse terms of trade;
My suits are timeworn, much resembling sacks,
My mantel bears no ornaments of jade,
Nor are fat rubies on my hands displayed.
I do not find this situation funny,
But nor am I excessively dismayed—
I am not really interested in money.

I like to see pound notes piled up in stacks,
And glorious dollar bills that could be laid
In a long line from Santa Fé to Sfax;
But all the money I have ever made
Would hardly stretch from Bow to Biggleswade,
Whereat I sigh; but still my soul is sunny.
Though otherwise conventional and staid,
I am not really interested in money.

Money! It runs away like liquid wax,
Or water in the streamlet down the glade;
It melts into the earth, it slips through cracks,
It is as ice that thaws, or flowers that fade;
It rises like the gas from lemonade,
Leaving life flat; it is as swift and runny
As morning dew upon the iris blade.
I am not really interested in money;

No, Prince, I hardly care if I am paid . . .
Just give me, say, a hundredweight of honey,
And some champagne, in case I want to wade;
I am not really interested in money.

— R. P. LISTER

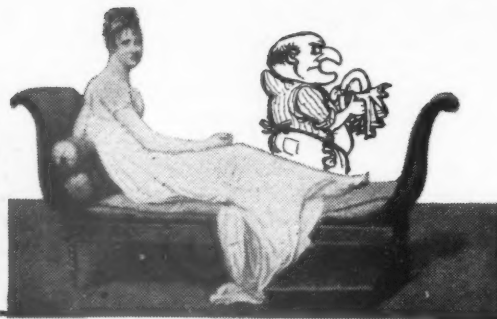
AT last it seems that intelligence is beginning to pull in higher rewards than beauty pure and simple. Two young ladies have been in the news: Miss Elaine Best has been visiting London as Australia's Perfect Secretary; and Miss Pamela Searle has been elected *Miss England 1959*.

The Perfect Secretary's loot is £1,000 in cash, a trip round the world with a £400 travel wardrobe and £250 pocket money. The "Perfect Peach" gets a push-bicycle and a trip to America or Europe to enter for the Miss Europe and Miss Universe contests. Beauty, like virtue, is to a certain extent its own reward.

This does not mean that Australia's Perfect Secretary is lacking in personal charm. She was selected from over a thousand entrants and, as we found at her press conference at the Savoy Hotel, has many of the characteristics of a beauty, including that of being twenty minutes late. Large-eyed, piquante and petite, she is a girl who would cut a pretty figure in any typing pool. She did not—one would not expect it—have the one-in-a-million look that makes a Miss Universe; but, on the other hand, a Miss Universe would be unlikely to be able to answer without embarrassment before a panel of judges, as did Elaine, such an awkward question as "What is the difference between limestone and dolomite?"—or the still more ticklish "What would you do if you found your boss was embezzling the company's money?" She had to balance her reply to that one very carefully since she had already said she considered the most important thing for a secretary is "to implement fully, efficiently and confidentially your boss's instructions." To assess when things are getting altogether too confidential and decide upon the efficient moment for spilling the unsavoury beans to the chairman requires the judgment of a plu perfect secretary.

Elaine is not a particularly fast girl—her speed being only a hundred words a minute. She learned shorthand, typing and book-keeping while still at school, which she left at sixteen. In the five years since then she has held the same job, that of secretary to the General

FOR WOMEN



Manager of Softwood Holdings Limited. A secretary in Australia, she told us, earns between £18 and £22 a week; and we may presume that a perfect secretary would qualify for the £22 which, even in Australian pounds, is a very satisfactory salary for a girl of twenty-one.

The General Manager of Softwood Holdings has been given a "Secretary" copying machine by the sponsors of the competition to console him during Elaine's absence; but we do not feel he is the kind of man to find comfort in an automaton. Our hearts go out to him across the ocean. It is true we know little about him, because his perfect secretary was a model of discretion. How would *he* rate in general knowledge and business sense; dress, make-up, and grooming; voice, diction, and personality; deportment and social graces? But she told us enough. *Her* reaction when she heard she was the winner was shock; but Mr. Softwood Holdings was "so thrilled that he bounced round and round the room."

Such vicarious delight in another's good fortune, such disregard for his own convenience, is very lovable. Also lovable is the fact that he is paying her salary while she is away and is not counting her absence as her annual holiday. Mr. Softwood Holdings clearly is The Perfect Boss.

— ALISON ADBURGHAM

Sound Reasons

THOUGH silence overjoys me,
No noisy toy annoys me
So much that I won't buy it
To keep the children quiet. — J. W.

"My dear, it's me . . .

MY dear, I'm rather worried. My help has a bit of a headache. Well, you know how one always feels it might lead to *other* things. I've told her to make herself some tea (I didn't say have some cake, I thought it might be a little indigestible) and I've told her to put her feet up for a while. After that she can do the flowers if she feels inclined: just the ones in the drawing-room; and that'll take her till lunch-time. I thought steamed fish would do. With purée of spinach, it's full of vitamins. And then she can build herself up with a glass of milk. Well, dear, she has got to drink a pint a day. I thought it would be a good idea to have background music, just softly, it cheers her up to have all that Strauss when she's working. But I just thought I'd ask: is there anything else I can do? My dear, you must *rack your brains*. You know how much I depend on her. And I need her all the more since I'm in bed. Just 'flu, and a temperature of 102."

— JOANNA RICHARDSON



Down on the Farm

WHEN the sap begins to rise in the veins of our London friends there is no holding them. This year, as usual, the frustrating possibility that unless they got cracking they might not be among those present when spring really sprang sent them to action stations. Or, more accurately, to the telephone.

In the great city it was out with the head-scarves and flatties, and westward ho! for Paddington. At the reception-centre the already ordered Sunday joint was hastily inflated by a message via the daily to her brother the butcher: the electric blanket was whipped on to the spare-room bed to air the linen sheets dragged from hibernation: and lists compiled of the more congenial locals with a view to sherry after church on Sunday. Feverishly we set about trying to raise our standards to a sophisticated level. Breakfast in the kitchen would be out, and if the wind were awkward sufficient hot water for baths hard to come by. But two generous Christmas donors had done us proud, and we had not only a complete matching early morning tea-set but also a rather grand and complicated sort of coffee-percolator. Moreover, the delicatessen shop in our cathedral city now stocked smoked salmon. Morale soared. Tweeds and twin-sets were pressed, and a favourite but rather tatty old jumper consigned to the Jumble Sale drawer, against



"Formal tribal dinner or not . . . you look ridiculous!"

temptation. We had an advance cooking session, with a Continental recipe-book. We filled a fancy tin with semi-sweet biscuits against night-starvation, and laid in a supply of special bread for any on a diet. We washed the car and the dog: we mowed the lawn, and checked on the bulbs in the bedside lights.

As zero hour was wheezed out by Grandfather I began to practise a few sophisticated facial expressions, involving independent suspension of the eyebrows, but found on close inspection that they went less well with my do-it-yourself shampoo and set than they had done last week with my Wedding Hat. At last an expensive purring rounded the last bend in our lane, giving me time to push the soup-saucepan a little nearer the thermal centre before going to the door . . .

The visit was not an unqualified success. The act we had put on kept bursting at the seams from overwork, and the added strain of living up to our guests' countrymanship began to tell. They knew the names of all the wild flowers when we went for a country walk, whereas we could only talk of Boris Pasternak and the changes in the cast of *My Fair Lady*. Their obvious disappointment at the lack of oil-lamps ("such a becoming light!") and farm

horses was difficult to appease. The weather was surprisingly clement and their new gumboots remained unsullied. We ourselves, we felt, had not given complete satisfaction.

But matters were taken out of our hands at the eleventh hour. Almost as they were signing the visitors' book the bull broke into the garden under their window, and no china-shop could have looked more devastated than our wall-flower-beds five minutes later. A report of the safe delivery of fourteen children to our expectant sow caused a mad rush to the maternity ward to observe this miracle. At last we stood beside the car, exchanging the rather exaggeratedly affectionate goodbyes called for on such occasions. The visit had not been in vain.

— MARGOT CROSSE

☆

You, Too, Can be Elegant and Charming . . .

"She lives with her family in Surrey and is noted, in the visually sensitive world in which she works, for the elegance and charm of her appearance."

At this interview, in a Kensington coffee-bar, she wore trousers—narrow home-made grey striped ones—a straight brown marl shetland sweater, sand suede boots and bright blue socks, a purple mohair muffler and a big olive-green plastic mackintosh."

The Observer

Toby Competitions

No. 67—Letter of the Law

COMPETITORS are asked to produce, in not more than one hundred and twenty words, an extract from a judgment in which the Court of Appeal find themselves reluctantly compelled by the authorities to hold that: (a) black is white, (b) money paid out in taxation is income, (c) a motor-car is a household appliance, or (d) a bathroom is a shop.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, May 15, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 67, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 64

Competitors were asked to provide the wording for a descriptive card that might appear in front of any article of modern civilization in a glass case in some future museum. We are going, apparently, to be a sadly misunderstood era; there were several articles whose nature even the setter was unable to determine,

but guitars, washboards, typewriters and television aerials will survive in surprising numbers. The winner is:

H. R. GUERIN

46 BALCOMBE AVENUE

WORTHING

with this description of the typewritten stencil of a Civil Service circular:

WAX SHEET. *Inscribed, early atomic age, purpose unknown.* A very thin wax sheet, having a reinforcement of vegetable fibres, partially coated black substance. Inscribed in Archaic Western characters by process of cutting letters right through the sheet; the characters are so nearly regular as to suggest that this was done on a primitive machine. Meaning is obscure and style of language markedly different from the surviving plays of the local author Shawkper. Possibly a hierarchic writing or edict not intended to be understood by the vulgar.

Other results of peering into the future successful enough to earn book-tokens were:

LIPSTICK

This small gilt cylinder is one of the finest examples of Twentieth Century Lipstick. It contains a crimson unguent which the women of that time smeared freely over their mouths. It is not certain whether the object was to improve the flavour of foods eaten, or as a lure to invite the attentions of the opposite sex. It appears to have no medical properties, and doubt as to its purpose has increased with the discovery of an old "Novel-book" of the period, which refers to women wearing "War-paint." The words "Hot Strawberry," engraved on the base, appear to have no relation to the contents.—Mrs. B. Brocklesby, 83 St. Johns Road, Oxford

SHOES—CIRCA TWENTIETH CENTURY

Used as protection for FEET when WALKING, a form of locomotion peculiar to HOMO SAPIENS, the then dominant species.

Joe King, 4 Monton Avenue, Eccles, Manchester

SIGHTSPEAKMEC

Plainwhite flexflat put round rollform, symboldiscs digipokt, activating metalevers, sightspeak stamp on flexflat, which then mailsent sighthearer. (This plainwhite semistiffat actualfact sightspoken on above sightspeakmec, but you no willcan sightheare it, since sightspeakhearskill goneforgot.)—R. A. McKenzie, 27 Howard Road, Woodside, London, S.E.25

"ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE"

Found by a survey under horde-leader B26 during reconnaissance of planets of star J/A/43/9b. By deciphering crude radio impulses transmitted from the third planet of that star the object was found to be an "Artificial Satellite" propelled into orbit from that planet by extremely primitive multi-stage explosive engines.

Historical note: This evidence of the impotence of the inhabitants of the planet contributed much to its decision to colonize what is now State 2810.—H. R. Gresham Cooke, 4 Ranelagh Grove, London, S.W.1

FIGURINE

Small unmetal figurine of horseman (c. 1950) perhaps mythological Cowboy. Discovered with fragments of wax-paper and cereal powder. Probably fertility charm, or perhaps amulet to aid cereal derivatives in their mystical power of nourishing without adding to the girth, an effect much prized by the aboriginals.—Margaret Harridge, 13 Ornan Road, Hampstead, N.W.3

PLATE—MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY

Vinyl, 10-in. diameter, decorated on both sides with a delicate continual spiral groove. The small central hole probably fitted a table-top projection so that the eater (presumably a child) could revolve the plate to select any particular item of food. Both sides bore a label, now barely decipherable, with the manufacturer's name —(M)ASTER VOI (c?)—serial number, and the name of the designer, Arthur (?) Kitt. This plate seems to have belonged to a child named Santa.—J. C. Grieves, 294 Lynmouth Avenue, Morden, Surrey

Bentley's Gallery



Lady Violet Bonham Carter

Lady Violet Bonham Carter
Wears the air of a martyr—
Perhaps because she's got stuck
With a cause that's a dead duck.

Essence of Parliament



EUROPEAN-minded Members were back from Strasbourg, where the Conservatives are charmingly addressed on the notice boards as les amis de Dame Florence Horsbrugh. At Westminster they have to sail under less romantic colours. They got back just in time for Monday's foreign affairs debate, which had been billed as the great occasion of the week. It was to be truthful not all that great, so far as the Front Bench speeches went. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd did not say very much—perhaps one could hardly expect him to. Mr. Bevan made a resounding declaration that Labour would abandon tests if it came into power—but after all we had known that already. What we don't know, and what we laymen would like to know, is what the tests are for. Are they to make the bombs more horrible or to make them less horrible? It makes a bit of difference. By the time that we got to the last two Front Bench speeches the debate had pretty well

packed up. As Mr. Ormsby Gore had been our representative at the nuclear disarmament conference and as the main purpose of the debate was to see whether there was any chance of nuclear disarmament, it might be thought that Members would at least have bothered to hear what he had to say. But

it was not so. Seventeen Socialists, two Liberals and fifty Conservatives stayed to hear him, and indeed it must be confessed that the other five hundred and seventy odd did not miss much. At one point his incoherence was so great that there were guffaws of laughter among his audience and he ended unconvincingly as if no longer able to tolerate the boredom of his own speech, by sitting down in the middle of a sentence. Mr. Dennis Healey, who had preceded him, was not much better. I fear that the truth is that Mr. Healey

must stick to the back benches. There he is vigorous and admirable. On a front bench he evaporates. *Omnium consensu capax dicendi nisi dixisset.* But in between the Front Benchers there were some speakers with interesting and provocative arguments—Lord Hinchinbrooke who thanked God for atom bombs which had frightened us out of war—Sir Kenneth Pickthorn who thought it demonstrable that no good had ever come out of a summit conference from the Field of the Cloth of Gold onwards—Mr. Donnelly who thought that Mr. Macmillan had sold out to Mr. Khrushchev in Moscow and let down our allies—Mr. Emrys Hughes who wished that he had sold out a bit more—Mr. Grimond who thought that Western Europe need not be as weak as it thought itself—Mr. Fletcher-Cooke

who thought that the Prime Minister had kept a lot of balls in the air and wondered if he could go on doing so. Here was a wide variety of opinion from which the student could pick his own favourite. But it all left the impression that very few people had any idea what our foreign policy was. On Tuesday

the Prime Minister added a little bit to the confusion by a statement about Strontium 90 which left the impression that nobody really knew what was happening about fall-out, and on Thursday in carefully comic language he defended Sir David Eccles and the House was left with the conviction that a man who could defend that could defend anything.

Tuesday's debate was a dull debate about the Finance Bill in which the best speech was perhaps that of Mr. Hervey Rhodes, commended by the Chancellor;

and when the Chancellor came to wind up, his audience was of almost exactly the same size as that of Mr. Ormsby Gore on the previous night. A few Members had turned up on the rumour that Dr. Dalton was going to take the opportunity of singing a swan-song from the Front Opposition bench. It proved not to be so, and Mr. Gordon-

Walker was an ineffective decoy-duck in his place.

The business for Wednesday was Deer (Scotland), but question time and adjournment provided its diversions. Question-time was predominantly rock 'n' roll, Mr. Nabarro and Mr. Simmonds passionately anxious to know why Terry

Dene should not do his National Service. Mr. Simmonds demanded as remedy the Number 9 pill, Mr. Nabarro the more awful threat of another Waters Tribunal. As if one was not enough! At adjournment in the Commons and through all the livelong day in the Lords we were concerned with higher things. Lord Jellicoe, Lord St. Oswald, Lord Shackleton—all were stertorous in their demands that we should play a worthy part in the exploration of outer space. Mr. de Freitas put forward the same plea in the Commons. The moon he would leave generously to the Russians and the Americans, for it was an uninteresting place. The rest must be ours.

After Thursday I owe an amend to Front Bench speakers. The subject then was education of apprentices—a subject that roused little party passion—and it is only fair to confess that the debate was started off by Mr. Robens in a most admirable and constructive speech. For once Alf pushed the button all right and he fully deserved the generous tribute which Mr. Richard Wood paid to him when he followed on.

— PERCY SOMERSET



Mr. W. Ormsby-Gore



Sir Kenneth Pickthorn

In the



City

The Lesser Half

THE oil shares market may not have taken the honours in Stock Exchange performance lately but it has held much of the attention in and around Throgmorton Street. The take-over bid for Canadian Eagle, the 100 per cent capitalization bonus by Burmah Oil, and the full accounts published by the two giants, Shell and B.P., have provided solid enough fare for the market.

Beyond this there has been highly interesting news about the Iraqization of the I.P.C. whose installations have just been visited by Lord Monckton, the new chairman of the company. From the Sahara evidence is mounting that the oil reserves already proved are vast and only await such little matters as a political settlement and a few hundreds of millions of pounds of capital investment for their full exploitation. Finally, there are fascinating reports from the northern regions of Canada that hitherto inaccessible oil deposits will become workable thanks to the use of nuclear submarine tankers, sub-navigating the Arctic ice—as was recently done by the *Nautilus* and the *Skate* under the North Pole.

A Shell-Royal Dutch bid for Canadian Eagle has for some time past been the clearest cut “take-over” situation in the company world. Canadian Eagle need crude oil which the takers-over will provide. For the rest substantial economies will ensue. For the Canadian Eagle shareholder there has been a dramatic price boost from 56s. to 83s. The size and suddenness of this leap in the price showed that this was one of the best kept secrets in the history of take-overs, and since there were interlocking directors, it provides a perfect answer to the cynics who contend that no man can dissociate his personal from his professional interests.

The good Burmah Oil results also stuck out a mile. For years past it has been possible to buy Burmah shares at appreciably less than the market value of the B.P. and Shell shares held by the company. The 100 per cent capital bonus was made possible by Burmah writing up the value of its B.P. shares from 10s. to 20s. each. Since these shares are now worth about 50s. there may be more favours to come from that quarter.

The gist of the Shell and B.P. reports

is easily summarized. There is an abundance of oil in the world, and though demand is expanding, so are actual and potential supplies. The prospect is for much keener competition. The speeches made by Lord Godber of Shell and Sir Neville Gass of B.P. should give the *coup de grâce* to those who argue that the oil world is one vast conspiracy against the consumer.

They should also put an end to the hopes that may linger in Middle East countries that the oil countries can be blackmailed into ever greater sacrifices of their interests. Speaking of the so-called 50-50 arrangements in the Middle East, Sir Neville Gass said that while in 1958 £119 million was paid by B.P. to the 50-50 countries the company's net income from oil production, refining, transport and marketing was £63 million. There is no question who got the better half of that 50-50 split.

In the



Country

The Mayfly Carnival

FOR the majority of our syndicate the whole season revolves round the aerobatics of the mayfly. This glittering, succulent insect times his arrival with remarkable consistency (a reverent “MF” appears against May 19 in the last three volumes of my diary) and for a glorious fortnight every fish in the river comes zooming up to the surface to grab its fill. Even fat old trout who spend the other fifty weeks of the year sulking down among the reeds, turning cold contemptuous eyes on march browns, pale watery duns and yellow sallies, throw caution to the wind when mayflies are in the offing.

The amazing thing about the mayfly is that though its winged life is a mere two-hour fantasy of airborne love-making—hence the term *ephemeridæ*—it comes into being two years earlier. After the consummation the female flops on the water, drops her eggs, and floats gracefully away, a corpse, and it is not till the year after next, almost to the minute, that her progeny rise to the surface, pop out of their envelopes (they can be heard doing so), and after floating downstream to dry their wings, fly off for their two-hour spree.

What makes the carnival season so exciting is that one can never be sure exactly where the mayflies will abound. At one point they may suddenly pop

There are other ways of changing the split of profits. Venezuela illustrated one of them by its recent retrospective increase in the rate of tax on foreign oil companies in its territory. This action, as Lord Godber says in the Shell report, will impose a heavy burden on the industry in Venezuela, but it will correspondingly reduce its ability to retain sufficient earnings to finance the expansion that would otherwise have taken place.

More oil, millions of tons of it, is due to gush out of the Middle East in the coming years. Russian oil is beginning to appear in the world markets (one of the ships in the first convoy up the St. Lawrence Seaway was a Russian tanker which had come all the way from Odessa). If the Middle East sheikhs and generals throw their weight about now, they run the risk of a very painful skid.

— LOMBARD LANE

up in tens of thousands, running the gauntlet of mass assaults from above and below, by diving birds and soaring fish. A hundred yards away there may be no buzz of wings the whole day long—and there's no point in dangling an artificial fly over a fish's nose if there are no real ones to keep it company.

We naturally feel that we could do with more mayflies on our stretch of the Ream; indeed, many say that they used to be there in much greater numbers. Various theories are held on this alleged decline—the natural cycle, water abstraction, pollution, and reed-cutting—but only one remedy has been suggested, the importation of fresh larvae, and two years ago Hodgkins, our secretary, was asked to arrange this.

I doubt if he'll ever be asked to order more—for the only thing new last season was an infernal plague of mosquitoes.

— GREGORY BLAXLAND

Chance Encounter

I NEVER yet dashed out,
Wearing my garden coat
A prep-school scarf about
My unbejewelled throat—
I never yet got through
Just to the nearest shops
But Mrs. A's there too
Attired in fashions Tops.
I mean, it isn't fair.
She always looks that way.
My clothes I seem to wear
For meeting Mrs. A.

— ANGELA MILNE



CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Under the Hill

The Anatomy of Puck. K. M. Briggs.
Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30/-

DO you—did you ever—believe in fairies? Were you a child who ignored the etiolated whimsicalities of holiday pranks with Five at St. Runnion's for the Coloured Fairy Books of Andrew Lang, for De la Mare's *Come Hither*, for Grimm and Andersen and the Arabian Nights and for the Myths and Legends of all our cultural ancestors, north and south and east and west? Did you clap frenetically for Tinker Bell's resurrection, mark the end of the rainbow for the pot of gold, and, in the night, shiver for fear of the Nightmare, the Doppelganger, the Vampire, the Ghost Coach? For anyone who was such a child *The Anatomy of Puck* is a feast of recreated delights, the revival of a long-forgotten self.

Miss Briggs, to be fair to her, has not written her book to create nostalgia in adults who once believed in fairies. Hers is a scholarly work on fairy beliefs in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and—to be severely practical—it will provide useful background material to those whose subject is the imaginative literature of the period. But with material such as hers, severe practicalities are forever being lost in the sheer pleasure of reading on. Caliban—supposing we are “doing Shakespeare”—was a mooncalf and a mooncalf is the offspring of a witch and an incubus and so is a true monster, a monster being “in the strictest technical sense” the offspring of two separate and incompatible species: such as the chimera, the gryphon and the basilisk which has the legs and head of a cock, neck and tail of a wyvern and is hatched by a toad in a dunghill. And all this from the chapter which covers unicorns and

begins with mermaids—musical, carrying combs and glasses, horrid portents to sailors but wishful of Christian souls—and Lamias (with an illustration from that superb compendium of monstrous zoology, Topsell's *Historie of Four-footed Beastes*), and the wild man caught in the fishermen's nets in the time of King Henry II.

A very long way from fairies, you may say, but it is into such enchanting byways that the pursuit of fairies inevitably leads. One can begin tidily enough. There are four basic types of fairies known to the Elizabethans and Jacobeans, the Trooping Fairies—and with that splendid name we must be off again, for these are the heroic fairies,

“—the aristocrats among fairy people [who] pass their time in aristocratic pursuits, hunting, hawking, riding in procession on white horses hung with silver bells, and feasting in their palaces, which are either beneath the hollow hills or under or across water.”

These are our prototypical English fairies, little people now and still riding but now on stunted grey ponies, fond of music and dancing, deft at domestic arts, giving sometimes gold that turns to leaves and sometimes leaves that turn to gold, and strangely averse from gifts of clothing. Then there are the hobgoblins who include the Pucks, the Robin Goodfellows; there are the mermaids, water spirits and nature fairies, a small class in Britain; and there are the giants, monsters and hags, including Gogmagog and Corineus.

What are the fairies? They are made, it is generally agreed, of compressed air, thus being compounded of one element only and not, as is usual, of four. Though undoubtedly associated with the dead they are not ghosts; how, said the Puritans, could they be the spirits of the dead, since there was no getting out of hell and who would wish to leave heaven? But why not, said others, out of purgatory? Or could they be devils—or “an intermediate creation between humanity and pure spirits, of an ethereal body, a life longer than human life but still mortal, and an eternal destiny still unfixed, so that they were capable of salvation?”

And how tempting sometimes to wonder—and even Miss Briggs can hardly forbear to wonder—whether fairy stories might not derive from the existence of a wild primitive race which survived in hiding into historic times.

The appendices are as rich as the rest of the book. The first is a glossary of fairy personae—the Mara who became our Nightmare, the Buccas who warn miners of disaster, the Tylweth Teg who comb the beards of friendly goats on Thursdays. The second appendix contains forty-three fairy-tales.

The third consists of contemporary accounts of fairies and the fourth is called “Some Spells and Charms and the Letter of an Unsuccessful Magician.”

—MARGHANITA LASKI

POETS' CORNER



9. WILLIAM PLOMER

NEW FICTION

- The Palace Guard.** Donald Braider.
Secker and Warburg, 18/-
The Englishmen. Laurence Lerner.
Hamish Hamilton, 15/-
The Darkest Bough. Anne Chamberlain.
Hart-Davis, 12/6
The Man Behind the Curtain. Nigel
 Tranter. *Hodder and Stoughton, 15/-*

The Palace Guard is one of those American biographical-quest novels stemming from *Citizen Kane* (and, more remotely, from Conrad, since *Heart of Darkness* was among the first subjects selected by Orson Welles), which are very often made into films themselves. This time the dead quarry is Payson Hughes, a Nobel-Prize-winning novelist with the physical proportions of Thomas Wolfe (whose work, incidentally, he admires), though his behaviour in public is of the sort associated, erroneously, with the late Dylan Thomas. Hughes—who has committed suicide for reasons unknown—is supposed to have been all things to all men and a good many women (including a prudish New England wife, an ex-hash-house waitress, a wealthy nymphomaniac who subsidizes an experimental review called *Spectre*, and a periodic mistress of dazzling "Frenchness"); unfortunately this supposedly protean personality conducts himself with equal boorishness to almost everyone concerned, and his favourite expletives—printed unexpurgated, evidently from American sheets—become as tiresomely repetitive as those used in an army barrack-room, while his comments on the novelist's vocation and the literary scene in general are banal to a degree. The prospective biographer, too, is a figure even dimmer than usual; but the insistence on sex, drunkenness, and verbal obscenity may well result in a Hollywood version with an all-star cast and, probably, Mr. Welles himself in the lead.

Mr. Lerner's, also a first novel, is equally handicapped by a conspicuously dim protagonist: the young, liberal, South African history-master at a school in Cape Town, afflicted with a limp and an inability to make up his mind: his last words, "I don't know what I want," suggest that this latter disability is chronic, though by this time he has lost his job and the crisp, orange-lipsticked music-mistress to whom he was engaged, and is preparing to teach instead at a coloured training-college. Though the arrival at St. Patrick's of the two new English masters naturally heralds a clash of ideals, the subsequent conflict is anticlimactic in the extreme: while the Rev. Mr. Franklin, a member of the Seamen's Union whose back had been broken twenty years before in Australia, is regrettably made to cede first place to the tedious, superficially anarchistic Tracy. Another example of a promising theme unfulfilled through the author's inability to bring his characters fully to life.

The Darkest Bough belongs to an oak

one hundred years old, overhanging the country house of an ill-starred family, with an owl hooting in the branches: Grandma is immobilized with arthritis, the girl of nineteen filled with vague sensual longings but pledged to look after her fourteen-year-old brother, who is mentally retarded but physically a possible menace to the neighbourhood: though his activities are at first confined to clutching his toy giant panda, walking along the roof's-edge at night, and swinging in the foliage of the oak. To this household comes Angelo, an amoral fascinator with an hypnotic gift, who claims to have a vocation for helping the handicapped and soon has Morgan Luther Cavenner III firmly under control and the girl Bitha in bed with him. Only bedridden grandma retains her original mistrust of Angelo, besides standing—or rather reclining—between him and what remains of the Cavenner fortune: while Morgan is a scapegoat ready to hand... Miss Chamberlain is closer in spirit to the late Ethel Lina White than to Edgar Allan Poe; but she has an unusual talent, already displayed in *The Tall Dark Man* and *The Soldier Room*, for the Gothic tale of terror in modern dress.

Mr. Tranter's thriller also illustrates this tendency, though on a vastly lower plane: bogusly-Buchan in atmosphere, it contains a Scottish hero (ex-R.N.V.R.) engaged on a dangerous assignment in the Baltic, a missing Polish scientist, and two beautiful Scandinavians, one of whom has eventually to bid David farewell with a "long, hard, savage kiss..." One for the attention of *British* story-departments. — J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Modest Hero

Champion Year. Mike Hawthorn.
William Kimber, 21/-

Shortly after becoming the first Englishman to be world champion for Grand Prix motor racing, Mike Hawthorn was killed on the public roads. The world-wide public feeling this caused surprised many for it went much deeper than the obviously tragic situation seemed to warrant. The truth is that Hawthorn was a good deal more than just a racing driver: he was a great personality. All over the world he was recognized as the debonair Englishman—a fair-haired giant, gay on and off the track, sporting, brave, and full of humour. This modestly-written book reveals all these facets of his character between the lines, plus his pride in being English.

The long struggle for the championship is exciting reading (particularly for the cognoscenti), but the light goes out for Hawthorn with the death, before his eyes, of his closest friend and team-mate, Peter Collins. From then on he endures until the championship is his, subduing fear and doubt (and becoming superstitious) to retire on the final finishing



line. On the last page he writes "One cannot be a world champion and call your life your own." Three days later he died.

— R. B.

CREDIT BALANCE

The Man Who Wrote Detective Stories. J. I. M. Stewart. *Gollancz, 13/6*. Four adroit, stylish and uncommonly readable tales. The longest, the title story, about the predicament of the thriller writer who finds that a murder has been committed exactly to the pattern of his latest, as yet unpublished, whodunit, is particularly effective. A witty and accomplished little collection.

The Bright Young Things. Amanda Vail. *Secker and Warburg, 12/6*. American girls growing up. Ardours and bitterness of the first affair. Verbal high spirits and a sharp, pitying eye. Fun.

The Mystery of Lord Kitchener's Death. Donald McCormick. *Putnam, 18/-*. Flawed by made-up conversations between jolly Jack Tars and others, but basically a serious and interesting account of Kitchener's death in the sinking of the *Hampshire*, in which the mysterious element is perhaps unduly stressed.

AT THE PLAY

The Cenci (OLD VIC)

The Pleasure of His Company
 (HAYMARKET)

IT is questionable whether Shelley's antique shocker is worthy of revival on any count, for such purely poetic fire as he kindles in it is too often smothered by his lack of skill as a dramatist. Watching *The Cenci* one longs over and again that the rough, sure hand of Shakespeare could take control, to rattle some life out of the murky legend, and

move us all to more than academic interest. There are signs, indeed, that Shelley himself felt the need of a touch of the old Warwickshire barnstormer's magic: thin echoes of *Macbeth* are heard and serve only to underline the dramatic weaknesses which they are meant to strengthen.

This being said, it must be acknowledged that the present production, after a turgid start for which blame can be attached only to the author, builds to a satisfying climax, and ends most movingly. Michael Benthall has used every artifice a director can command, including spine-chilling bursts of amplified harpsichord music, peals of thunder straight from *Lear*, lighting that makes the dark more terrible, and even the enthusiastic stretching of a murderer on the rack, downstage Right, which would surely have startled Shelley himself. Mr. Benthall succeeded, by the subtle power of the theatre, in stirring up emotions in his audience which, if we could not always identify them clearly, we felt at times rising despite ourselves. More than this cannot be done with such a play.

From an acting point of view the piece is divided into two unequal halves by the death of Cenci in the fourth act. Before this culmination (offstage Left), the evil Count dominates the play—or must, if we are to keep our patience. After that his outraged daughter Beatrice becomes the centre of things, suffering extraordinary changes of character, which Shelley imposes quite arbitrarily, until

playing in the final terrible scenes made the evening her triumph. Among the smaller parts, I admired the relentless authority of Norman Scace's Papal Legate, and John Phillips' scheming priest Orsino.

— ALEX ATKINSON

The Pleasure of His Company is a skilful domestic comedy from America, by Samuel Taylor "with Cornelia Otis Skinner." It is not at all profound; often it is on the edge of sentimentality, but it continually saves itself by charm and humour. And one applauds the authors' fairness to characters who are scored off unmercifully yet remain strongly sympathetic.

Just before the heroine's wedding her father arrives unexpectedly in the house of his ex-wife and her second husband. They are civilized people, and try to make the best of this invasion by a selfish playboy. For fifteen years he has been too busy getting his name into the glossy weeklies to bother about his

daughter; now he is enchanted by her, and sets out to wreck her marriage with a decent rancher, so that he can take her off to Europe and give her the same education in the art of living that once he had given her mother. He is extremely confident and graceful and thick-skinned, and he is played with great dexterity by Nigel Patrick.

The degrees by which he becomes intolerable are nicely adjusted. He disgruntles the honest bull-farmer by taking the young couple out to a gourmet's dinner, talking French, and dancing all evening with his ecstatic daughter; he makes a pass at his ex-wife and parries her patient husband's fury with elegant apologies. He mesmerises his daughter with the glories of travel until she believes him her only hope of escape from the dull life with which, up to then, she had been perfectly content.

Of course he is impossible, and should have been thrown out at the beginning. It is something of a triumph which the authors share with Mr. Patrick that for most of the time we seem to understand why he is not; unscrupulous he certainly is, but clever and amusing and also a little pathetic. For me the trick only failed towards the end, when no amount of paternal charm could justify the besotted girl going off with him.

The play is delightfully acted, and in Mr. Patrick's sensible production no attempt is made at bogus American accents. Coral Browne is excellent as the ex-wife, disturbed by the memories

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

The "*Punch* in the Theatre" Exhibition is at the Repertory Theatre, Dundee, Rotunda Gallery, Dundee, and the Festival Theatre, Pitlochry.

The *Punch* cinema cartoon exhibition is at the Regal Cinema, West Norwood by arrangement with the Rank Organisation.

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, *The Duenna*, unspecified run.
Playhouse, Oxford, *The Bacchae*, until May 16th.
Citizens', Glasgow, *Fear Came to Supper*, until May 16th.
Colchester Rep, *Wuthering Heights*, until May 9th.

the poignancy of her downfall (not purely tragic, because we have never come to *know* her) closes the play with a theatrically perfect exit. In these two parts, Hugh Griffith and Barbara Jefford did all that was asked of them. Mr. Griffith had the difficult task, in the early scenes, of having to make our blood run cold at his incredible wickedness, while at the same time explaining precisely what was going on, and what had passed already, in lengthy monologues. He managed both skilfully. Evil dripped from every smile and gesture, his inexplicable hate sparked and flashed from those most eloquent eyes. His dreadful curse upon his daughter came as a peak of passionate madness, and made us wish to rise, like rustics at a melodrama, and strangle him ourselves. As for Miss Jefford, her beauty would have had the author at her feet, and her deeply felt



Beatrice—BARBARA JEFFORD

Count Cenci—HUGH GRIFFITH

of the past but very sure of her present happiness, and Judith Stott persuades us—until the end—that she would have been bowled over by such a father. Barry Jones is very good as the cynical grandfather, and the two who are the chief butts of the evening, stepfather and fiancé, are made extremely likeable by David Langton and Robin Hunter.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

All's Well That Ends Well (Stratford—29/4/59), a rousing production. *Brand* (Lyric, Hammersmith—15/4/59), rare Ibsen, wonderfully produced. *Dark Halo* (Arts—22/4/59), good American drama about faith-healing.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Doctor's Dilemma—Warlock

WORDY, theatrical, crammed with lines that one knows would get a laugh from any theatre audience but often fall flat in the cinema (for a play audience always includes a far bigger proportion than a film audience of people who will laugh when they realize they are expected to laugh, even if they are not amused), very decorative to look at, and played in two different keys, *The Doctor's Dilemma* (Director: Anthony Asquith) makes a highly miscellaneous impression. By "played in two different keys" I mean that the pompous doctors who are there for the laughs and for the more or less out-of-date satire are in a totally different world from that of the young people, Dubedat the "scoundrelly" genius and his wife. I suppose that could be said

about the original play too, but the contrast is more noticeable here, because the balance of the story, and touching performances by Dirk Bogarde and Leslie Caron, make the young people seem the central figures. Any average moviegoer will regard this as a picture about them, not about the doctor (John Robinson) whose dilemma it is to have to choose whether to save the unscrupulous genius or the worthy but uninspired G.P. The young painter who is dying and the wife who loves him display emotion and arouse sympathy; the fashionable frock-coated doctors, each with his own expensive way of curing everything, seem to be caricatures from another kind of work altogether.

The main impression given by the picture as a whole is of quite calculated artificiality; there are several moments that seem deliberately theatrical. For instance, when the choice before the doctor has been made clear, there is a close-up of him, stroking his chin and saying "Yes... It's a dilemma." This has all the marks of a stage curtain-line—though its message could have been conveyed quite differently. A great deal of lateral grouping of the characters too suggests the stage. On principle I don't approve of this in a film, but the distinguished director must have chosen this style advisedly after weighing other possibilities, and very likely he was right.

Visually (Cecil Beaton costumes, art direction by Paul Sheriff, Metrocolor Metrocolor photography by Robert Krasker) the piece is stylish and very attractive, with much use of deep, rich red; the scene of the painter's studio in particular is brilliant. All told—fine confused feeding.

Among the credit titles of *Warlock* (Director: Edward Dmytryk) there is special mention of a "Firearms Technical Adviser," who must have been frequently consulted, for even more than most Westerns this is very much concerned with the handling of guns. All the same, it is also what in these days is loosely called "psychological," or even (as Westerns go) "adult": it has interesting characters, and the plot is by no means simple enough to please those who like their Westerns to be on the comic-strip level, with plain good people on one side and plain bad people on the other (and the chief bad man probably instantly recognizable because he wears black).

In essentials the story is not out of the ordinary. Warlock is a shanty town regularly terrorized by a number of cowboys from a neighbouring ranch; sheriff after sheriff is murdered, because the spiritless townsmen give them no support. At last a committee decides to call in, as Marshal above the law, a skilled gunman who travels about the country doing such jobs. So far, so conventional; but there are two unusual angles. The first is that the Marshal (Henry Fonda), fundamentally a decent man, is articulate and has no illusions about his ugly profession, and the second is that one of the cowboys (Richard Widmark), sickened by his colleagues' behaviour, determines to help the townspeople, and eventually finds himself driven to uphold the law against both sides—the murderous rowdies, and the murderous Marshal opposing them.

This, and visual beauty (CinemaScope Eastman Colour photography: Joe MacDonald—many extraordinarily pleasing street scenes and interiors, subdued in colour like early nineteenth-century prints), and good playing by a big cast, and interesting variations and fresh detail in the action scenes out of doors and in, make this a much above-average Western.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

We also saw *Ten Seconds to Hell*, about a bomb-disposal unit in Berlin: some good suspense and interesting detail, but not close-knit enough. Most attractive London programme is still the Academy's—the very funny Polish comedy *Eve Wants to Sleep* and the charming Arab fable *Goha* (both 15/4/59). *Compulsion* (29/4/59) is gripping and good. The Italian *Like Father Like Son* (22/4/59) is most entertaining and enjoyable. Probably you can still find *Room at the Top* (4/2/59); and there's always *Gigi* (18/2/59).

Among the releases is *Carlton-Browne of the F.O.* (18/3/59): not unfamiliar fun, but amusingly presented. Simpler fare is *Life in Emergency Ward 10* ("Survey," 22/4/59).

—RICHARD MALLETT



[*The Doctor's Dilemma*

Sir Patrick Cullen—FELIX AYLMER

Cutler Walpole—ALASTAIR SIM

Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonington—ROBERT MORLEY

AT THE GALLERY

Enterprise at Kettering

THOSE who think, perhaps misled by recent sale-room events, that every picture worth looking at must needs be fabulously expensive will be very well advised to visit Kettering where, at the Alfred East Museum, Sir David Scott is showing his collection of about 100 pictures and drawings, mainly once moderately priced. They are the result of forty years of buying, and show a taste which is both refreshingly personal and catholic; quite a few Victorian anecdotal pictures are included: "Showing a Preference" by J. C. Horsley—two girls to one man is the subject—as well as works by Steggles and Hawthorne of modern East London; there are in addition two early John drawings, two Wilson Steer watercolours and two paintings by Duncan Grant; while a series of John Tunnard canvases are not strictly representational.

Personally I fell for two small James Wards (the Victorian animal painter) and a Landseer. How good, perhaps great, a painter Landseer was in his smaller works! Sir David's "West End Fair" is of some performing animals expressed in the most economic painterly terms and lovely colour against a vast perspective of fairground and distant Saint Paul's—and all expressed on a few square inches of canvas.

Sir David has assumed that certain beginners in art appreciation may like a helping hand, and he has, with this in view, provided some very straightforward clues in captions to the pictures, stating his reasons for liking them. He fearlessly says that he enjoys a portrait by Etty partly for the sentimental expression on the face, and that he finds some of his Tunnards obscure; but he likes both for the colours and shapes incorporated in them. I think his advice is timely. At any rate, he has been rewarded by an attendance of one thousand in the first few days of the show at Kettering (population 40,000), which gives an obvious pointer to similar collectors of goodwill.

— ADRIAN DAINTREY

ON THE AIR

The Night the Ghost Got In

I WILL defend to the death the right of Miss Siobhan McKenna to criticize Mr. Macmillan's speech about the release of the I.R.A. internees from the Curragh, and I am grateful to the BBC for behaving like grown men in refusing to cut her tiny outburst on the subject out of "Small World." This programme has shown signs more than once lately of getting bogged down in platitudes, three-way compliments, cumulative *non sequiturs* and untidy, off-the-cuff philosophizing, and Miss McKenna's gratuitous dash of hate



NOËL COWARD

SIOBHAN MCKENNA

JAMES THURBER

Small World

pulled it up with a jerk. (The pity is that the majority of people in this country will have had only the haziest notions of what she was talking about, for the English conscience has kept the Irish Question a closed book over here for more than a hundred years.) What I will not defend, however—and my objections are neither political nor ethical, but artistic—is Mr. Murrow's decision to invite Miss McKenna to climb fuming on to her rickety soap-box in the midst of a chat about humour with Noël Coward and, of all people, James Thurber, whose responsibility for the gaffes of our Prime Minister must be well-nigh negligible. Admittedly, the chat itself was desultory, and had already been held up by Miss McKenna retailing at length one of those dear little ever-so-daring Roman Catholic jokes and putting forward a muddled theory about Swift: but the sudden, arbitrary introduction of Partition obviously floored the other speakers. Coward, who had several times been seen to flicker his eyebrows at Miss McKenna's more naïve pronouncements, recovered fairly quickly, and underplayed the thing in a glibly polished style, with a mention of bombs in pillar-boxes that rather dated him. Thurber, endlessly polite, stayed mum and dignified, like a man pretending not to notice that his hostess is clouting one of the servants.

As a matter of fact the inclusion of Miss McKenna in the trio struck me as ill-considered. She was solemn and pedestrian—a brake on the progress both of Coward's carved-in-icing-sugar aphorisms and of the lucid erudition of Thurber. Avoiding action by the BBC deprived us of the memorable things she doubtless had to say about the Theatre, in the second instalment of the programme; meanwhile, I believe Mr. Murrow lost a great opportunity. It is always a pleasure to hear Thurber, and one would have liked to watch him

settle down to a discussion with the sage of Bermuda.

How quickly, by the way, we have come to take for granted the marvellous technical spade-work that goes into these expensive CBS round-ups! They are pure television, and as close to magic as we can get in these enlightened days.

Channel 9 continues to give us what the planners are pleased to regard as plays with a contemporary message. They are chiefly concerned with theatrical-looking coffee-bar louts with flick-knives, who tend to break into lyrical psychoanalytical reveries and let their mouths hang open like James Dean. Occasionally one of these dramas comes towering out of the ruck with a fresh approach, or some honest characterization; I would single out "The Shadow of the Ruthless" (ABC) as a good example. This was shown a couple of weeks ago, a first television play by Stuart Douglass. Its Soho underworld characters were treated in some depth, there were performances of great power by Anthony Quayle and Harry H. Corbett, and Philip Saville's direction (owing much to the cinema) was exciting without being hysterical. Music and sound effects were first rate.

"In Camera" (A-R), a series which set out to answer the question "Are photographs a true record of our world?" has been the most fumbling and chaotic investigation I have ever yet seen on the little screen. Dumbo Willans never seems to know what questions to ask his experts, and the experts, shuffling photographs about in a very under-rehearsed fashion, have given him hardly any coherent answers. Embarrassment has too often prevailed, and a feeling that nobody knows quite what anybody else is supposed to be driving at. I can't wait to hear the final summing-up.

— HENRY TURTON

Motor If You Must

By J. B. BOOTHROYD



9 The Other Man

Will your character stand the strain?

A FRIEND at the Ministry of Transport confides to me that the latest official figure shows 7,903,638 vehicles of all kinds on British roads. Balancing off the moped against the political limousine and putting the average length at twelve feet, and allowing a similar distance between them (huh! but still . . .) a simple sum shows that these licence-holders need about 4500 miles of highway, and if stacked one above the other on the road between Shaftesbury and Warminster would form a glittering parallelepiped roughly twice the height of the Empire State Building. This would undoubtedly be a fine sight, but apart from that, and the advisability of a mental note to keep off the Shaftesbury-Warminster road during the experiment, it doesn't get us anywhere much, except perhaps, to lead up in an interesting way to a fact of motoring life which I now venture to place before you, viz. that all these motorists* are divided into

*Don't trouble to memorize the number: my friend mentions that it is increasing at the rate of half a million a year.

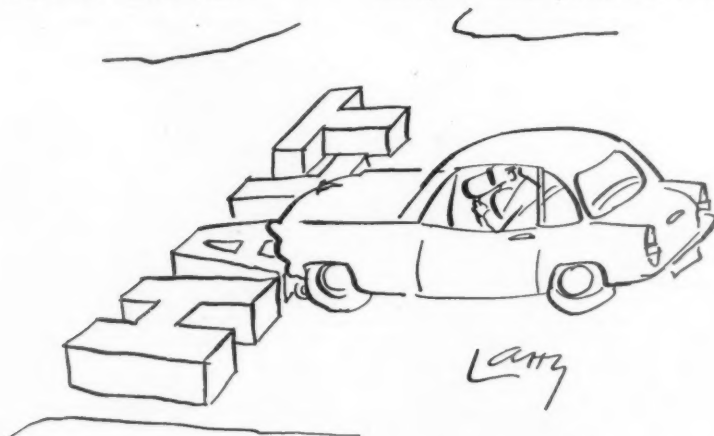
two distinct classes, other motorists and you.

This is a point overlooked by the compilers of the well-known Highway Code, which because of its naïve obviousness is dear at the advertised price of 1d. net. Consider the paragraph beginning "Be careful and courteous at all times . . ." Are you ever, is it in your nature to be, anything else? No. It is the other 7,903,637 who shoot backwards from blind alleys, and then bawl out of the window asking what the hell you think you're up to, passing at that time along the main road. "Do not drive in a spirit of competition with other road users." You? Good heavens! Why, it was only last Saturday week that you waved on a pursuing Cadillac and it never crossed your mind to race it to the next roundabout. "Never overtake unless you are sure you can do so without danger . . ." But naturally. And you paid a penny for *this*? Let them peddle their pamphlet to the other 7,903,637, who roar past you on a U-bend in the face of oncoming convoys of timber lorries; that's where

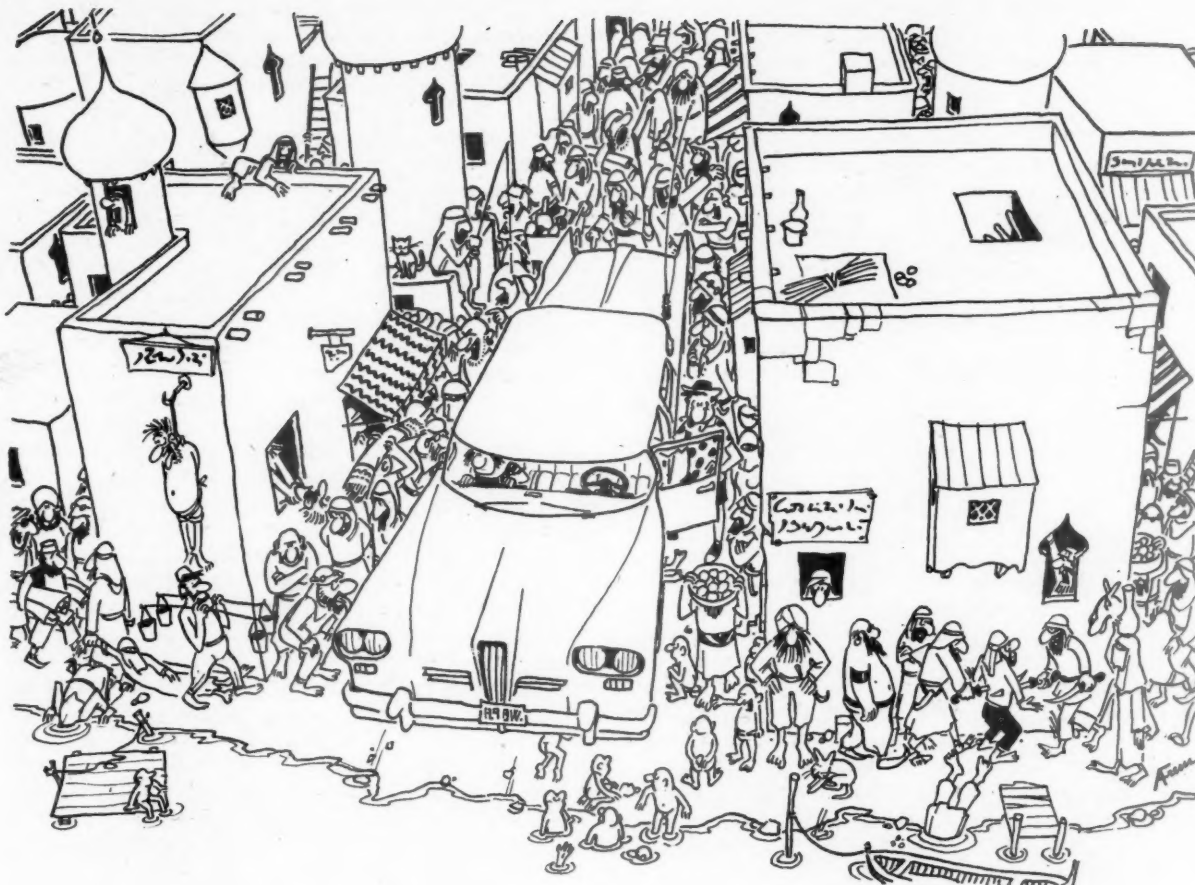
it would do the most good, and (at a rough calculation) raise some £33,000 into the bargain, which could well be spent on more vigilant police patrols. Until these people are steeped in the Code, and can dismiss it in the confidence that it has nothing to teach them, they should not be allowed to join you on the road.*

However, unless I have been wasting my time and yours, the problem at the moment is whether you could possibly allow yourself to join *them*; whether to be thrown into association with people you would firmly bar from your social circle, or to continue in dignity as a customer of public transport.

I could, of course, harrow you with a detailed character analysis of the Other Man—his foul language, the din of his exhaust-note, his arrogant posture at the wheel, the viciousness of his hooting behind palpable breakdowns. I could damn the dolly that dangles in his back window, deplore his speed off the driving-seat with a notebook at the ready to take the name of your solicitor, his habit of waving you grandly on into pantehnicons with double trailers, of beating you every time to the last parking-space, his arrant radio-playing at cricket matches . . . But the detail, strangely enough, is irrelevant. The great, all-comprehending crime of the Other Man is simply that of being, so to speak, non-You. This is the single ugly fact that gives us, on present figures, 7,903,637 boors and lunatics on the road against the one man who knows



*Those who do, but run off it, pleading the Highway Code paragraph beginning "Where there is a footpath use it," may be politely reminded that this bit happens to be for pedestrians.



how to handle a car like a well-adjusted gentleman.

Problems arise. It is obviously not possible to avoid all contact with approximately eight million other motorists, either on the road or off it. What might have been a carefree luncheon at a pleasant roadhouse is frequently ruined by the arrival, as you take your seat, of the sports-car driver who all but had you in the ditch ten miles back. You recognize his absurd cap, and note subconsciously that his necktie is precisely what you would have expected. Moreover, he gets the table in the window, while you have as usual been given the one by the service doors, and he has a rude, off-hand way with the waiter. He chooses, you notice, dishes suitable to a coarse palate. His hair at the back dwindles to one of those irritating tadpoles. His shoes are an entirely insufferable shade of brown. You are in half a mind to stride over to

him and tax him with his hoggish driving . . . perhaps to throw in an angry remark about his necktie as well . . . but by now your soup has arrived. The next thing you know you are halfway through a lamb chop. You haven't tasted a mouthful of anything yet, because of your resentment and contempt for the man in the window, and this only adds another brisk stir to your bile. As he goes—having enjoyed service twice as rapid as yours—you half rise from your chair, splashing a little custard. Should you, even at this late stage, go and knock him down on his way out? But he catches sight of you, supposes you to be some past acquaintance about to greet him, and disarms you with a cheery wave and a brilliant deceitful smile, and is gone. Presently you pay your fifteen-shilling bill, savagely aware that you have had nothing for the money but a painful lump under the breastbone, and stamp

savagely out. All the afternoon you drive angrily and fast. Who knows? You may come up with the swine again, and tell him what you think of him after all.

This situation recurs in a variety of forms and patterns. You have perhaps vengefully pursued an offensive motorcyclist, a heavy, armour-plated youth whose very hollow-backed straddle and flourished handlebar work is in itself obnoxious, let alone his criminal behaviour in the last village but one, when he rocketed past you in the nearside lane with a din that London Airport wouldn't stand for a moment. At the next traffic-lights you pull up beside him, and wind your window down to say a word. Having no window to wind he says his first. "You want to make up your mind where you're going, mate," he says, apparently furious about something. He has a blonde on the back, who holds him like a bear climbing

a pole, but feels free to speak, nevertheless. "We've took your number," she says—"haven't we, Bert?" "You bet," says Bert. "Swerving all over, like that. You didn't ought to be allowed out, did he, Miriam?" You are still on your first, crimson, "I say, look here—!" when the lights change to amber and the pair of them roar away in a giddy, stinking slalom through the traffic ahead. It is after an experience of this sort that you may well die at the wheel. And such is the present state of medical knowledge that the coroner may well bring in natural causes.

More emotionally disturbing, if less likely to be actually fatal, is the encounter at a cocktail party with a man of great natural charm, who seems genuinely delighted to meet you, admires your wife's costume jewellery, laughs at your jokes, invites you both to his cocktail party, and turns out, when you all go to get into your cars, to be the blasted maniac you were trying to pass all the way to the party, only every time you gave him a hoot he accelerated and pulled into the middle of the road. As a point of moral principle, of course, you should now take this matter up. But it calls for high and resolute character to do so. When a man is stepping behind the wheel saying how wonderful it is to have met you, it takes courage to strike him across the face with a driving glove and tell him that he is an enemy of society. Should the offender be, instead,

an attractive brunette, your problem is intensified, particularly as your wife (who may not in this case have been complimented on her costume jewellery) will feel that, more than ever, you should take the strong moral line.

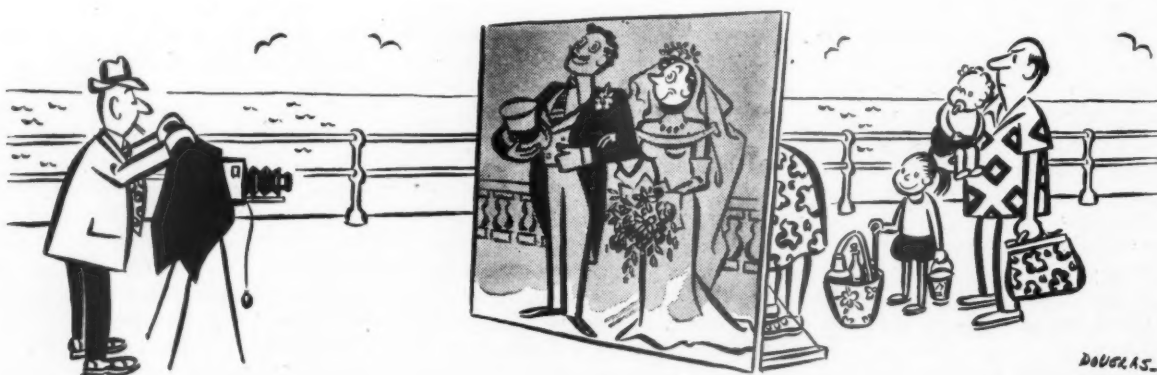
On the whole, and at the risk of being reduced to a hermit existence, it is best to avoid your fellow-motorists altogether. Try to forget that the car in front has any human ingredient whatsoever. True, this is difficult when three or four young children are making faces at you in the rear window as their vehicle steadily sticks to the exact speed needed to make overtaking impossible, but it is worth a try. Once you convince yourself that the shape ahead is merely an ingenious piece of engineering, incapable of response to thinking direction, the spleen will go out of you. When you cry "Drivelling idiot! Stupid cow! Fool!" you will be speaking only of the car, not of the man at the wheel who, every appearance suggests, is either drunk, asleep or having a fit. Indeed, motoring psychologists have suggested that to adopt this attitude is the only way for the owner-driver to keep his blood-pressure within reasonable limits. It is possible to work up a fair blood-pressure over an ingenious piece of engineering, especially after travelling behind it for forty miles, more conscious with every mile that its back bumper is slightly out of true and driving you crazy, but at least you are in no danger of beating its

owner over the head with a wrench as soon as you come up with him in the car-park. To wait until he has gone, and then go and give his bonnet a few good kicks, will be enough.

A special problem crops up when a guilty vehicle is the twin of your own. There is a sharp splitting of reactions when you find yourself arrested at the lights beside a car you could easily get into in mistake for yours. You know very well that this was the car that hooted behind you at the last halt sign, and against which you swore revenge.

It is now a toss-up which way your feelings will go. Is it an added affront that the driver has behaved disgracefully in what is, in effect, *your* car? Or does his wisdom and good taste in having this particular car furnish entirely adequate mitigation of the offence? The question can often only be settled by contributory factors. If, for instance, the other man has a disagreeable shirt, is badly shaven, exhibits excessively nicotine-stained fingers, or in some other way outrages any equation between himself and you which a stranger might draw on the evidence of car-twinship alone, you will of course have no hesitation in putting him in his place. It is wise to remember, however, that once he has given you a good looking-over he may well, if quicker on the window-winder, decide that it is up to him to put you in yours.

Next week: Maps and Traps



DOUGLAS

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